Blitzsmear in Hollywood *by Samuel Ornitz*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

August 27, 1940

Cuba's Typhoid Cartel

A dispatch from fever-ridden Manzanillo

By Joseph North

Mr. Bullitt: FDR's Trigger Man

An Editorial

Light on the Labor Party

by D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.

In Memoriam: Sacco and Vanzetti

by Ruth McKenney

BRUCE MINTON, RALPH WARNER, GROPPER, ALVAH BESSIE

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Between Ourselves

WHEN R. Palme Dutt's manuscript arrived in NM's office, the editors knew that they were about to publish one of the most significant pieces of Marxist analysis of the present war. Since publication, they are convinced of this fact. An unusual number of letters have been received, commenting upon the importance which our readers attach to "Background to Chaos" and "Outlook for Europe." Thumbing over a stack of mail on our desk, we find this interesting comment from Washington, D. C.: "I suppose I have been what you would have called a confused liberal. I would have contested your use of 'confused' for I was proud to be a fence-sitter. Was I not a unique person, one who could see with equal ease all that was going on, on both sides of the fence? And so I read NM with interest, but almost always with supercilious disbelief—until I read the two articles by that man Dutt in your recent issues. His explanations seemed logical, his facts checkable, his conclusions inescapably sound. As a result, I have decided to reexamine many past articles about the war which have been published in NM—and I am enclosing $4.50 for a year's subscription."

Then from Connecticut came a check for $25 from a reader who writes: "I was about to contribute this money when I happened upon a bright idea. I enclose under separate cover 250 magazine wrappers with addresses all made out to friends and acquaintances of mine who ought to be reading NM regularly. Will you please send them the August 13 issue—the one which starts off that series by R. Palme Dutt? It's the kind of medicine they need, and I think it will do a lot of them a lot of good." A professor from an Eastern college, now summering in New Hampshire, sent us a little note: "The Dutt series is a historic addition to our contemporary knowledge of the forces now at work in the world."

The idea of mailing NM to one's friends must have skipped from Connecticut all the way to Illinois, for from Chicago I. B. writes: "I have happened upon a thought which may be of importance to you as a means of increasing circulation. In fact, you might even popularize it under the slogan 'Every NM reader an NM circulation promoter.' If NM readers, when they have squeezed the last drop of juice out of their copies, would do as I do, they would extend the number of your readers many times. I take an ordinary envelope, tear it across the fold, wrap it around NM, seal it with the gummed flap, address it with the name of the friend I wish to reach, affix a 2-cent stamp, and drop it in the nearest mailbox."

Another thoughtful friend of NM, one of our readers whom we only know as A. B., enclosed a $20 bill in a letter a few weeks ago, adding that $50 more would soon be forthcoming if we would acknowledge receipt of the first amount in these columns. This we did, and A. B. has now generously contributed the promised $50.

Contributions are not always in the form of money. As a writer Oakley Johnson has contributed many times to NM. Now he comes to us with a request: "I am writing, in collaboration with Celia Kraft and Ann Rivington, a full-length biography of Charles E. Ruthenberg, founder of the Communist Party of the United States. Through the columns of NM I wish to appeal to your readers for letters from Ruthenberg, pamphlets, articles, or leaflets by him, clippings, notebooks, or other personal records, photographs, anecdotes, accounts of his activities, information about his life, family, or friends." Such material will be returned to senders, who are asked to communicate with Mr. Johnson at the Ruthenberg Library, 35 East 12th St., New York City.

Next week's issue of NM will include a piece about Walter Lippmann by Barbara Giles, who recently wrote that devastating NM article about Mr. Lippmann's *Herald Tribune* co-columnist, Dorothy Thompson. Joseph Starobin contributes an article reviewing one year of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, while from England we have an article by J. B. S. Haldane, the noted biologist, on wartime moods among British intellectuals. And from Cuba Joseph North writes an exciting story of how the city of Santiago de Cuba won a great victory over the Bacardi rum interests when it elected Justus Salas, the first Negro mayor in the history of Cuba.

Don't forget NM's weekend fiesta at Chesters' Zunbarg, beginning Friday, September 6, and continuing until Sunday evening, September 8. For forty-eight gay hours, the pleasant resort high in the mountains near Woodbourne, N. Y., is to be NM's private preserve, with fresh air, good food, tennis, boating, swimming, pingpong and rollerskating, and a program of entertainment for those who like to conserve energies and be amused at the same time. TAC, we hear, is sending real flesh and blood actors and actresses to Chesters'. Sofia Lanzaro, brilliant coloratura soprano, has also been engaged to sing. James Dugan will discuss swing and the movies, and members of NM's editorial board and staff are planning to relax with you, their readers, on what we hope will be an annual holiday. You'll find more about this event in the advertisement on page 19.

Who's Who

HAROLD PREECE is a Chicago labor journalist. . . . Marion Greenspan is a free lance writer who has contributed articles to NM on Spain and the Far East. . . . D. N. Pritt is a member of the British Parliament; he was elected to that body on the Labor Party ticket and was expelled this year by reactionaries in his party for refusing to support their anti-Soviet stand. Mr. Pritt is the author of *Light on Moscow* and *Will the War Spread?* . . . Ralph Warner is a drama and music critic. . . . Bruce Minton is co-author with John Stuart of *Men Who Lead Labor* and *The Fat Years and the Lean.* . . . Ed Falkowski, a former coal miner, has written several articles and book reviews for NM.

Samuel Ornitz

Mr. Ornitz is a long established screenwriter, whose latest picture is "Three Faces West." He is also a playwright and novelist; his book, "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," is perhaps his best known work. You may have seen his name recently in the press. John L. Leech, "pathological liar," called him a Communist and said the same of Fredric March, Jimmy Cagney, Francis Lederer, and a score of other film celebrities. Ornitz appeared in self-defense before Red-baiting District Attorney Buron Fitts' Grand Jury, then wrote the piece which appears in this issue. Among other things, Ornitz has played an important part in the Screen Writers Guild; he is one of the leaders of the great Hollywood Peace Crusade, about which NM readers learned last week.

This Week

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVI AUGUST 27, 1940 NUMBER 10

Cuba's Typhoid Cartel

How Electric Bond & Share spreads the disease by monopoly rates on the island's water. Meet the mayor of Manzanillo. A report by Joseph North.

Manzanillo, Cuba.

THE mayor-elect was like no mayor I had ever encountered: young (thirty-three years), slim, proletarian (tobacco worker since twelve). His eyes burned when he told me the story of Electric Bond & Share and of the little white coffins the Cubans carry through their streets day after day this typhoid-ridden summer. It was the same last summer and as far back as he could remember.

The *alcalde*—mayor—as his boys called him, thought we could talk better in somebody's home rather than here at the Communist Party's headquarters. "It will be quieter across the street," he told me. Walking through the main room of the party headquarters, we filed among several hundred of his lads who jammed the place, seated on all the chairs and on the floor, peculiarly quiet. The mayor explained later, "We're expecting some visitors tonight." There were people in the province who didn't like the idea of this thirty-three-year-old tobacco worker who headed the central trade union setup taking over the mayoralty. The feudal Ramirez Leon clan that ran Manzanillo politics for forty years, whose members had dominated all the parties and who had had three mayors in the family, was contesting the election. Moreover word had gotten around that they were going to do something about the Communists in town. Tonight was the scheduled night and the men of the party were sitting there, quiet, chewing the rag, just waiting around. We went across the street and sat in somebody's darkened parlor talking, the mayor-elect facing the window from which he could look across the street and see how things were going. It was a hot Caribbean night but he didn't think I ought to have that glass of water I had asked for. "I'm sorry we can't offer anything better," he said, "but I wouldn't advise you to drink our water."

IT MEANS DEATH

In the course of the evening and the next day I discovered why. Water isn't just H_2O in Manzanillo: it is a slogan, a fighting word, a campaign. It means Wall Street, it means *imperialismo Yanqui,* it means death. It means Electric Bond & Share. For those of us in the states who don't think twice when we turn on the spigot, what happened in Manzanillo may be a lesson. To me it was a fundamental lesson in the ABC's of imperialism; there was no better spot to study its evil handiwork than down here at the point of production, here where Electric Bond & Share and its allied concerns own practically every palm leaf.

"We won this election," Mayor-elect Francisco Rosales told me, "on water."

In the tropical towns of our western hemisphere (since we're thinking in hemispheric terms these days) they carry the little white coffins through the sunstruck streets all too often. I saw two processions the following day. Some days there are twenty-five, thirty. When you ask what's up, you hear the word "typhoid" and they continue their slow march. When you investigate why, you ascertain that they are walking that slow walk, carrying that little white coffin because some anonymous aggregate of foreigners, far off in New York, are responsible.

Here's the *alcalde's* story of Manzanillo and what it has to do with Electric Bond & Share ($1,200,000,000 Morgan-Bonbright controlled). "Electric Bond & Share owns most of the power of Cuba, and in many places, as in our city, it owns the water supply." The waterworks charge so high a rate in this city of sixty thousand where unemployment is 75 percent, that to the overwhelming majority of the townspeople it is luxury to own their own spigot. The most common sight in this once rich town is that of families, mothers, daughters, sons, and (now that father can't find work) fathers too—carrying their waterpails through the streets to beg, borrow, or steal a drop of water.

"But that isn't the worst of it," Rosales said. "The worst is that when they get their water, like as not it is thick with typhoid germs." On certain days when the "water runs brown, the *padres* run through the streets" to minister the last rites. *Companero* Rosales got up and poured me a glass of water from a jug in the kitchen. "Look at it," he said. I held it up to the electric light, tasted its flat, brackish quality. There it was, a glass full of death and a "fair rate of profit."

"You see why I can't even offer you a drink of water," he said. I asked what the rates are: "$1.80 for three months," he said. In United States terms this sounds like a relatively small amount, although pretty high for water at that. In Manzanillo, in Cuba generally, it is a fantastic price considering the general wage level. Manzanillo has three out of four men unemployed. The townspeople, starving for water, were eager to do something about it but were at a loss until the Communist Party worked out a program in the recent elections. Forming a working relationship with the Liberal Party here, it carried the city on a platform of buying the waterworks from Electric Bond & Share whose forty-two-year lease was about to end.

The Electric Bond & Share people are not happy about it at all. They saw their monopoly rights endangered, and they worked with the reactionary, feudal families of this area—and there are still plenty—to nullify the results of the election.

MACHADO

Manzanillo is the story of any Cuban town: no, I'd put it more strongly than that—it is the tale of most Latin American cities where Yankee capital has penetrated. Electric Bond & Share reaches into every part of the continent (in Europe, India, and China, too) through various subsidiaries and in several forms. Most generally it operates through American & Foreign Power Co., and on the Pearl of the Antilles it is known as the Compania Cubana de Electricidad. A Cuban, Porro Orfila, is the administrator. Its strength here dates back to the first election of Gerardo Machado, who was popularly known as The Butcher.

Machado's name on the island is associated with feeding labor leaders to the sharks in Havana Bay; it is synonymous with his secret police's torture of progressives—tortures such as castration, of castor-oiling to death opposing leaders. It is synonymous with Wall Street.

Well, Electric Bond & Share worked out an agreement with Machado in 1925 whereby he was able, with its funds, to buy up a convention of the Liberal Party, which "chose" him as its presidential candidate. When elected he generously paid off his debt by facilitating the purchase of all the small native power concerns throughout Havana province, and later throughout the island. He began by bringing into the fold the Havana Electric Railway Co.—the streetcar system. Then he spread out, buying up the works wherever electric power was produced. That is the way Electric Bond & Share works throughout the continent. It sought—and quite successfully—monopoly rights, then fixed prices to suit itself despite the fearful needs of the people. It happens that Cuba was the springboard for this concern. From here it dived into all Latin America with a great splash. Through the American & Foreign Power Co., of which Machado had been the agent, it got control of Cuba's entire power resources. Under the guidance and tireless aid of the late Ambassador Morrow in Mexico it won control

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of all the light and power resources there that were not already in the hands of other foreign capital—particularly, as it happened in Mexico, Canadian money. It moved south and achieved its ends everywhere except in Peru.

When you hear the words *imperialismo Yanqui* you will understand what they mean to the Latin American, and with Manzanillo in mind you will understand too why the recent conference at Havana wasn't greeted by maidens throwing flowers in the street.

The young mayor told me more about his city. "We were once a rich city," he said. Manzanillo was one of the proudest towns in Cuba. It was the center of the island's leather industry, manufactured shoes for Cuba. Then Washington manipulated the Treaty of Reciprocity, turned it off and on at will, until the shoe industry was almost completely destroyed. The industry continues now in a limited handicraft form in the parlors of the workers. "Then," Rosales said, "Walkover, Florsheim, McAn invaded us, took away almost all our trade, destroyed the industry, threw thousands of men and women into the streets." This just begins the saga.

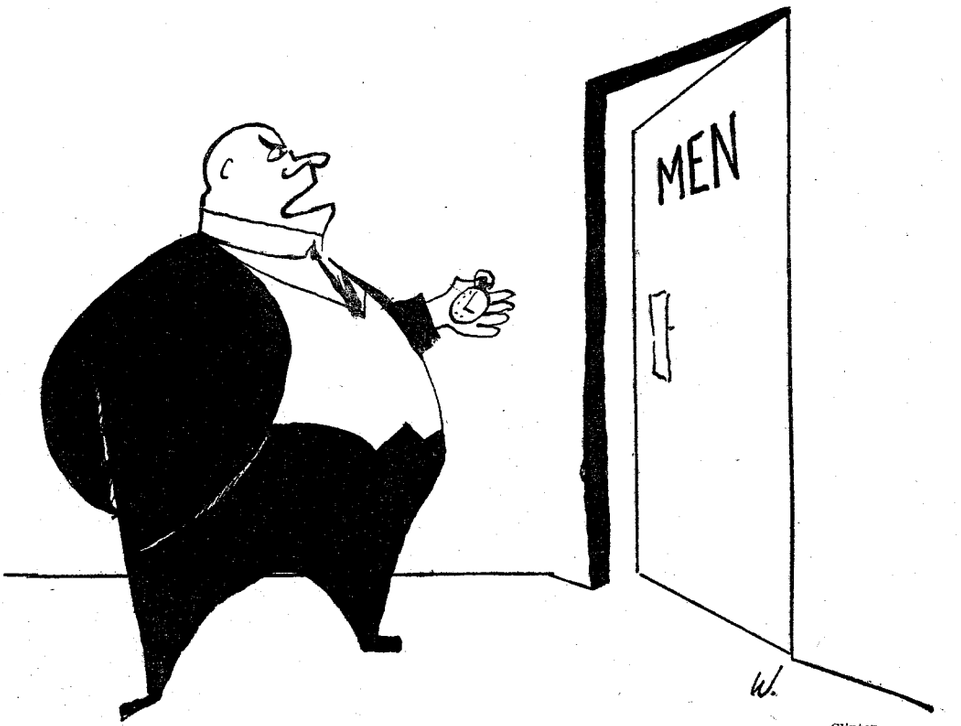
Once Manzanillo was in the center of the sugar industry. Washington again manipulated imposts and tariffs, and the sugar industry was crippled for Cuba. More jobless.

Once Manzanillo was a leading seaport. It has a fine harbor. But the closing of the mills and factories has thrown the seamen and the longshoremen into roaring poverty, and "today, when a longshoreman gets one full day's work in three months he is doing fine."

Once Manzanillo was the center of a flourishing lumber industry. Now, since the war, not a stick of lumber goes through the mills and the lumber workers walk the streets.

Once Manzanillo was the commercial center for a thriving agrarian region. Now nobody can buy enough to stay healthy and the small farmers are as poor as the shoeless workers. "And moreover," Rosales said, "70 percent of the farmers and their families suffer from intestinal parasites they pick up from their livestock that live in the same *bahias* (straw-thatched huts) with them. No sanitation, and whole families grow up with the gnawing disease inside them."

This, Rosales said, is our Manzanillo, our dear, beloved Manzanillo. And then, sensing that he might have drawn a picture of complete hopelessness, of total despair, he hastened to add that Manzanillo has one more industry, its proudest. "We have produced the best revolutionaries, the greatest leaders of the people. This is Manzanillo's finest product." And this industry hasn't shut down, he said. He told me of Blas Roca, the head of the Cuban Communist Party; he told me of Cesar Vilar, a beloved trade union leader now organizing in Santiago; he gently boasted (as he kept a wary eye on what was happening across the street) of the famous Martinello, the teacher of Roca and Vilar, "who didn't know how to read but in whose heart Marxism burned." It was Martinello who discovered



Clinton

"Come, come, don't you realize you're sabotaging the defense program?"

the great student leader Julio Mello, hounded by Machado into exile, murdered by Machadisto gunmen while he was walking the streets of Mexico City in 1929. He told me how the great, beloved Martinello, aged, infirm, heard Mello speak one day in Havana, outline a program of action, and how the proletarian sage told his friends afterward, "My work is almost finished. I heard a boy in shirtsleeves last night. The CP has found a new leader."

Rosales told me how Manzanillo led the first strike in the sugar industry back in 1907 and how Machado, then an official in the Department of Interior, sent gunboats to the harbor to smash the strike.

The remarkable thing about all these folk is their inherent spirit of fight, a pugnacity common to the entire people. Adversity hasn't vitiated their fighting qualities; it appears to have sharpened them. They have a program, they have heart. He described the election program like a general discussing a campaign in the field: how the water issue was the objective to be stormed immediately, this was the grievance the people wanted to rectify immediately. And the slogan "Cheap Water without Typhoid" gathered all the elements of the population about the Communist-Liberal program. He told of the fight to build a native economy, to restore the shoe industry which is now being carried on, in the main, in handicraft form, in the homes of the workers. Protection of the shoe industry was an important factor in their fight. Due to the great joblessness, social assistance was an immediate issue and one which rallied most of the unemployed about Rosales' banner. A program of municipal works was charted—improvement of the rundown streets, construction, etc. "Our municipality has nineteen wards," he said. "Six are urban, thirteen rural." He knew they would carry the urban wards, "the question was to win the peasantry." This was achieved by fighting for a program that would end evictions on the countryside, by a plank, too, for roadbuilding to supply additional work for the farmers, and by the demand for free, adequate medical attention to halt the ravages of intestinal disease caused by the parasites.

The results of the election were these: a Communist mayor and five Communist councilmen were elected. Two liberals also won seats in the municipal government. Of course, the opposition parties—they had ganged up on the two popular parties—got a majority in the council: they have fourteen seats. "But we have the program the masses want," Rosales said. "And the enemy can't stop us."

There will come a time soon, he said, when we will not have most of our population selling lottery tickets to one another as our main industry.

When we finished talking, we walked across the street to the party headquarters and sat among the men who were waiting. I talked to some of the young fellows, all dressed in the customary white, and told them about America. "Do they know in America," one asked proudly, "how we elected our Rosales mayor? Do they know we beat the Ramirez Leon swells?" I told him that if they didn't I hoped they soon would after I got home. He nodded his head. "First the mayor," he said. "Then we'll get the whole council. Manzanillo will return to its ancient glory and I'll be able to make shoes again," he said soberly. He settled back to await the visit of the Ramirez Leon swells.

JOSEPH NORTH.

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Treason in Spoon River

Terror and violence invade the Edgar Lee Masters countryside. The wholesale arrests of canvassers seeking to put the Communist Party's candidates on the Illinois ballot.

If two or more persons in any State or Territory conspire or go in disguise on the highway or on the premises of another, for the purpose of depriving, either directly or indirectly, any person or class of persons of the equal protection of the laws, or of equal privileges and immunities under the laws; or for the purpose of preventing or hindering the constituted authorities of any State or Territory from giving or securing to all persons within such State or Territory the equal protection of the laws; or for the purpose of preventing or hindering the constituted authorities of any such State or Territory from giving or securing to all persons within such State or Territory the equal protection of the laws; or if two or more persons conspire to prevent by force, intimidation, or threat, any citizen who is lawfully entitled to vote, from giving his support or advocacy in a legal manner, toward or in favor of the election of any lawfully qualified person as an elector for President or Vice-President, or as a member of Congress of the United States; or to injure any citizen in person or property on account of such support or advocacy; in any case of conspiracy set forth in this section, if one or more persons engaged therein do, or cause to be done, any act in furtherance of the object of such conspiracy, whereby another is injured in his person or property, or deprived of having and exercising any right or privilege of a citizen of the United States, the party so injured or deprived may have an action for the recovery of damages, occasioned by such injury or deprivation, against any one or more of the conspirators.—*Title 8, Section 47, US Civil Rights Act.*

IN ILLINOIS young Abraham Lincoln dreamed of human emancipation. That was nearly a century ago, and today Illinois is turning back the calendar of democracy. Seven of her sons and daughters who follow the tradition of Lincoln have been arrested for treason. Four, held in $80,000 bail, are in jail, while officials and judges play hide and seek with the Constitution.

I am no alarmist. The story I am about to tell is one of fascism emerging in the corn belt. It is also the story of the efforts of an American minority party, the Communist Party, to avail itself of its legal right to place its candidates on the November ballot. And it is a story of how federal and state authorities, working with leaders of the American Legion, have violated the law and whipped up mob sentiment against canvassers seeking signatures for legal nominating petitions. It is a warning to Americans to halt the progress of these fascist attacks before the poison spreads.

Since May 15, more than one hundred Communists in Illinois have been arrested; some have been threatened with bodily harm. Nineteen counties have been affected by this plague of arrests. In two cities, Pekin and Rockford, Communists have been beaten in the presence of officers. Two cars were burned in Rockford. Similar treatment was meted out to a party of Jehovah's Witnesses in Litchfield.

But the heart of this corruption is Lewistown. You remember Lewistown. You have even visited that Midwest community, guided there by the poet Edgar Lee Masters, who took you from tombstone to tombstone in Lewistown's cemetery, to meet the living and the dead. *Spoon River Anthology* revealed a spirit of smalltown intolerance which still exists today. The old clique of bankers and merchants who dominated the little town, exacting the last penny from the impoverished farmers of the vicinity, lie moldering still. But their place has been taken by a new group which carries on the Spoon River tradition of violent hostility to progress.

NOT WORKERS

The working people of little Lewistown were friendly enough to the three Communist Party election solicitors who trudged down their streets knocking on doors on that hot day of July 21. Some signed the petition; others said, "We're afraid to sign." Several invited the "Communist ladies"—Jane Curtiss and Mary Wilson—to come in and "talk things over." Working people who lived "out in the sticks" and who had no trade union organizations wanted to know the truth behind the headlines and also to talk with people who were "posted." None of the attacks upon the Communist Party in Illinois have been staged by groups of workers. Always the vigilantes have been town loafers egged on by American Legion leaders and prosperous business men.

Moreover, the jailings in Lewistown marked a new phase in the campaign of the reactionaries. For two months, election solicitors of the Communist Party had braved arrests and threats by police throughout the state in order to obtain the 25,000 signatures necessary to put the party's candidate on the ballot. No attacks could stop these people. The petitioners could not be intimidated. So a new tactic was invoked in Spoon River—indictment under the long dormant and infamous "criminal syndicalism" law of Illinois.

"Treason was committed in Lewistown," said attorney Ira Silbar, "not by us, but by the local officials, who jailed me as well as three people who were soliciting signatures to place the Communist Party on the Illinois ballot." Silbar, from his cell in the Spoon River jail, is helping to conduct his own defense as well as that of Mary Wilson, Jane Curtiss, and a fourth defendant, George Gibbs. Two charges of "treason" have been placed against each defendant, and bail has been set by sixty-year-old Justice of the Peace Grier Hanson at a total of $80,000. The penalty for "violation" of the criminal syndicalism law is one to ten years in prison.

"These officials," Silbar told me in the office of the Fulton County jail, "committed treason when they violated the federal Civil Rights Act which prescribes punishment for those who interfere with the rights of those soliciting support for candidates of any political party. These officials—State's Attorney Deutch; his assistant, Lawrence McMunn; Sheriff Bob E. Cook, and Justice Hanson—committed treason when they placed us under exorbitant bond in the face of that clause in the Bill of Rights which says that excessive bail shall not be required."

Silbar, who had accompanied the three election solicitors to Lewistown to see that their civil rights were protected, was jailed with the others after they had been arrested for the second time within a few minutes by Sheriff Bob E. Cook, accompanied by Assistant State's Attorney McMunn. When the four were first picked up, they had been ordered by the sheriff to "get out of town." But McMunn ordered them "recaptured." Then they were brought before Justice Hanson in a kangaroo court hearing. Silbar was denied permission to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, on the grounds that "the County Clerk was out of habeas corpus blanks." While he was still arguing his case, he was seized by Sheriff Cook and dragged to the jail with the other three.

JUSTICE HANSON

"I'm a dentist and don't know much about the law; but they made me justice of the peace," Justice Hanson confessed to me in his shabby little office with its dentist's chair covered with dust. "I have to rely on what the lawyers around here tell me to do."

"We have very few foreigners in this county," said this country magistrate, who boasts of being a collateral descendant of old John Hanson, founder of the pre-Revolutionary colony of Swedish refugees in Delaware. "We suspect a few foreigners of being Reds but they keep pretty quiet."

In a gloating tone he added: "They checked on Ira Silbar and found out that his real given name was Israel." Since the original indictment of the four, I am told, life has been made miserable for the one Jewish family in Lewistown. "Don't you think, judge," I asked, "that the war headlines have something to do with the imprisonment of these people?"

"Yep," the dentist-magistrate admitted. "They've gotten themselves on trial because of this war hysteria."

I went for a stroll with David J. Bentall, International Labor Defense lawyer. A silent crowd gathered in the little park directly across the main street from the courthouse. We heard a broad-shouldered youth, a two-

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hundred-pounder who sported a cowboy shirt illustrated with pictures of cow punchers, remark: "Them people ain't got no rights." He puffed at a cigarette stub. "Why, I looked at their election petitions, and not one of their candidates has an American name."

On that hot day in Spoon River, we heard mob threats uttered in the sheriff's office. Jennie Rosellen, Lewistown correspondent for a paper in nearby Canton, boasted that she owns the old home of Edgar Lee Masters. Masters, who championed the underdog, would be unsafe under the roof which sheltered him as a child if Lewistown took seriously the opinions of this "newspaperwoman."

"I hear that they are preparing tar and feather for the Communists," Mrs. Rosellen chortled in the sheriff's office. "A bunch of girls from the Legion Auxiliary are lining up back of the jail with ropes in their hands."

"That's the best thing I've heard yet," chimed in Editor Davidson of the Fulton County *Democrat,* who had come over to the sheriff's office for the latest developments.

"I hope they get the full penalty of ten years under the criminal syndicalism law," said a well dressed woman whose ideas of justice were the same as Mrs. Rosellen's.

SHERIFF COOK

Sheriff Cook was studiously courteous to Bentall and myself. "Don't you think, sheriff," I inquired, "that you should call out the state police or move the prisoners to another county because of these mob threats?"

"I see no necessity for calling out state police or taking any extra precautions," he replied blandly. "The American Legion boys came in from Canton to see me yesterday, but I think I can handle the situation. Some of the boys from St. David, a very tough community, have been threatening to come over and take matters in their hands, but I think I can talk them out of it." St. David is a Fulton County community where the Communist election solicitors had been driven out by vigilantes before the arrests in Lewistown.

The sheriff revealed his formula for solving labor disputes in this county where a large percentage of the population are miners working only a few days a month. "Do you know how I handle strikes?" he boasted. "I pick up the strike leader and make him get together with the employers. We don't want none of that Russian stuff in Fulton County."

Two hundred Legionnaires from several different towns in Fulton County were present in the courtroom at the continued hearing held before Justice Hanson on July 26. The overalled farmers who jammed even the corridors of the courthouse sat with tense curiosity throughout the hearing as Hanson, taking his cue from the prosecutors, overruled motions to reduce bond and to *nolle prosse* the cases on the ground that the criminal syndicalism law is unconstitutional. Several times the Legionnaires shouted in the courtroom, "Hang 'em!" and, "Let's get the lawyers too!"—referring to defense attorneys Max R. Naiman, Irving G. Steinberg, and Charles Liebman.

Meantime, Sheriff Cook had interviewed each of the persons who had signed Communist election petitions, and persuaded them to erase their names. The extent of democracy in Fulton County may be measured by the testimony of Mrs. Ella May Evans, of Farmington—old hometown of Clarence Darrow—before the court. Mrs. Evans had at first signed the petition, but had become frightened and followed Jane Curtiss down the street begging that her name be removed. The following is an excerpt from the official court record of the July 26 proceedings:

MRS. EVANS: I said [to Jane Curtiss] we didn't want to pay for having our name on that paper for Communism. I said we didn't want them to bother us. I said we didn't want them to run us out of the country. She said it wouldn't do any good, because we did not put Farmington, Ill., on it. She said they would tear it up——

ATTORNEY LIEBMAN: Now the first you knew that this was a Communist Party petition was when a neighbor came to your house and asked if the Communist lady had been there. [The frightened woman had told Sheriff Cook that she was unaware that she had signed a petition for the Communist Party.]

MRS. EVANS: Yes.

ATTORNEY LIEBMAN: And then you told the state's attorney in answer to his question that you wanted to get your signatures off because you were afraid that they would run you out of the country?

MRS. EVANS: Yes.

ATTORNEY LIEBMAN: Why were you afraid you would be run out of the country?

PROSECUTOR DEUTCH: I object to the question.

JUSTICE HANSON: Objection sustained.

Ira Silbar arose and addressed the court. Speaking directly to the overalled farmers, he explained the Communist Party program. The farmers' worn features softened when Silbar picked up a copy of Earl Browder's pamphlet *The People's Road to Peace* (confiscated by the sheriff as evidence of "treason") and read:

Therefore, the people's platform will demand, while strengthening the existing emergency farm legislation, that more radical measures be undertaken which will secure the farmers in possession of their land, return of the land to dispossessed farmers, tenants, and sharecroppers, lighten the tax burden on working non-employing farmers and provide them with cheap production credits, remove the interest burden and foreclosure threat of farm mortgages. . . .

Justice Hanson obediently followed the move of the prosecutors. The four have been bound over to this month's grand jury. Federal authorities have failed to heed requests that they intervene. On August 2, Federal Judge Leroy Adair sat in Peoria. He refused a writ of habeas corpus to the quartet of prisoners under the federal Civil Rights Act. He ruled that the defendants had not exhausted all legal recourses in the state court. He added that he was primarily concerned with whether or not the bond of $20,000 for each prisoner, or $80,000 in all, was exorbitant, and therefore a violation of their constitutional guarantees.

JUDGE ROETH

Adair gave lawyers for the defendants just thirty minutes to plead their cases. Circuit Judge Burton Roeth testified that no writ had ever been filed with him. Previous to the hearing in federal court, defense attorneys had called on Judge Riley Stevens of the Fulton County Circuit Court to request the writ. They waited for hours at the judge's home. When he appeared he told the applicants: "I've got no use for Communists. If those prisoners ever come before me, I'm going to stick 'em to the limit of the law. I can tell you too that the other two judges feel as I do."

So much for the law. The four prisoners are still in jail. The vigilante mobs are still in existence. The friends of terror and violence are stalking the hated Reds. They seek to limit the coming election to a choice between a stick and a stone. The Spoon River malady, like a cancer, is spreading from Illinois to other states. Illinois friends of peace and democracy understand the gravity of these cases. They are preparing to fight to a finish for the right of the Communist Party to a legal vote for or against its candidates and its policies.

HAROLD PREECE.

Lewistown, July 27.—Adjourned late Friday as anti-Communist feeling mounted to fever pitch and threats of violence swept through a packed court room, the preliminary hearing on charges of treason against four members of the Communist party was resumed Saturday morning in the circuit court rom of the Fulton county court house with Justice of the Peace Grier Hanson presiding.

Seen as a test case, the proceeding so far as is known here, is the first case of its kind.

State's Attorney Sherman Deutsch immediately moved for continuance and apparently unwilling to take up his argument, counsel for the defense asked the court to clear the room twice before the prisoners, Ira Silbar, 34; George Gibbs, 39; Mary Wilson, 23; and Jane Curtis, 35, were returned in safety to the county jail.

Their removal by sheriff Robert Cook and Deputy Sheriff Harley Williams was delayed nearly a half hour as an overall-clad throng pressed close to the court room railing. They hung about expectantly as unconfirmed rumors previous to the hearing had a crowd of outsiders on hand for any developments at a prearanged signal. There were spectators from all over the county and a large group from Canton.

A SAMPLE *of the lynch spirit whipped up by the press during the trial of four canvassers imprisoned for collecting signatures to put the Communist Party's candidates on the ballot in Illinois. The clipping is from the Peoria, Ill., "Journal-Transcript," July 27.*

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Defending America: Spanish Lesson

The war in Spain taught that genuine defense rests on an ever expanding people's democracy. Why Paris fell in a month and Madrid held out for three years.

Mr. Tobin and Mr. Bidwell here present a carefully documented blueprint of the economic, political, and military dictatorship under which this nation may live if "M-Day" (mobilization day) comes. . . . They make no attempt to extenuate or justify the admittedly dictatorial measures which the government must embrace in war, and no such attempt is needed. For it is now rather generally recognized, after the graphic lessons given us by the German conquests, that in war necessity knows no law, and that for the sake of national survival nearly anything must be endured. . . . *Hanson W. Baldwin, book review in New York "Times," July 14.*

WAR has its own logic. No one since the days of von Clausewitz has disputed this axiom, but what it means is another matter. The great German military theorist explained it thus: if one side abstains, for sentimental reasons, from the use of a weapon or the seizing of a position, and the other side acts with cold decision, the latter will of course obtain the advantage. What we hear today is a curious perversion of von Clausewitz's ideas. The requirements of modern all-embracing (totalitarian) war are such, we are told, that it can be waged successfully only if we first abandon democracy and surrender ourselves to a dictatorship. Otherwise, the argument runs, the "efficiency" of a dictatorship being higher than that of a democracy, the fascists have the edge on us right from the start. At this point the devil's advocates point to the fate of the so-called European "democracies" and in particular to the lesson of France. Here indeed is a curious proposition. The governors of France had spent the eight war months in an anti-Communist witch hunt; they had suppressed popularly elected local governments, canceled civil liberties, instituted an absolutely stultifying censorship. Execution and administration of this policy was often in the hands of notorious fascists, including outright Nazi agents. When the test of "efficiency" came, Paris surrendered without a fight; France fell in a month. Undoubtedly this proves the "necessity," not to say virtue, of organizing national defense around an anti-democratic dictatorship.

DEFENSE OF MADRID

So much for France. The Spanish republic, on the other hand, by means of a veritable democratic revolution, created forces which resisted immensely superior powers for three years; Madrid never did surrender. Falsification of the lesson learned in Spain is difficult, so one hears little talk from our warmongers about Spain. All the more reason, then, that we should talk about it. As one who lived among the Spanish people from the summer days of 1936 through the trials of 1937, I shall never forget what democracy can mean and what miracles it can work. For that matter, who *has* forgotten the "miracle" of Madrid? Yet how many know, even now, that the salvation of Madrid at the last moment is not an unexplained wonder, not a mystery? We who saw the great campaign launched by Pasionaria on Oct. 19, 1936, and carried to every factory, trench, and side street of Madrid province, know that the open city of Madrid was converted into an impregnable fortified area by nothing more or less miraculous than the summoning of democracy. The masses were called upon not merely to "defend" Madrid but to take the initiative in improvising substitutes for all the implements and services of war lacking to the loyalist forces. Having the will to defend a government which was representative of popular interests, the people needed only the opportunity; given that, they accomplished the impossible. With almost nothing but rifles, and only a few of those, they halted an enemy equipped with all modern war instruments.

One aspect of the remarkable Spanish experience has been little discussed, namely, the internal political struggles of loyalist Spain. For the loyalists did not arrive instantly and spontaneously at the best and most democratic solution of the great new problems that arose in continuous succession through the three years of the war. Within the loyalist camp there were always forces pulling both ways on each question. And what is most significant to us, in the light of the current hysterical attempts to outlaw the Communist Party as part of Wall Street's idea of "national defense," is the position occupied by the Communist Party of Spain in these internal struggles. For the truth is that the Communists put forward a truly democratic solution in every case, and in every case the opposition to the Communist proposals was in reality based upon antagonism to democracy, hostility to the idea of letting the masses decide.

Take such an elementary question as that of the People's Army. It seems difficult to believe that in 1936 only the Communists recognized the need for a disciplined regular army which should at the same time differ altogether from the armies of the capitalist democracies. But it is a matter of record that Republicans, Socialists, Anarchists, and at first even the government opposed the creation of a People's Army. Only because democracy had the fullest scope were the people themselves able to decide the issue in favor of the creation of such an army. And the result was that an efficient war instrument was built.

The new army was kept in the closest touch with the people; given factories "adopted" a specific battalion or division; a section of the Communist Party was godparent to another unit; the "patron" had the task of supplying the unit with comforts or necessities that the central authorities could not provide. Whole army divisions were supplied by the trade unions, manned entirely by members of the union. How different from the army we know, carefully segregated from the people and officered by a military aristocracy, so that the troops can be used, in case of "need," to break strikes and otherwise "preserve [bourgeois] order." The trade union, Socialist youth, Communist, and other popularly based units which composed the People's Army were officered principally by *new* men right from the bakeshops (Modesto) and the harvest fields (El Campesino), right from the ranks of the new army (Lister).

LAND DISTRIBUTION

It is impossible to exaggerate the aptness of the Spanish experience for application to the problem of national defense here and now. Sometimes the great internal problems of Spain were debated precisely on the basis of which solution would contribute most to the *efficiency* of the country's war effort. Take so deep and difficult a question as that of land distribution. There was complete agreement on the necessity for confiscating the lands monopolized by great landlords and the clerical orders. But there was powerful opposition to the democratic method of distribution adopted by the government. The government decree provided that all working farmers and farm laborers convene in each locality and that this democratic assembly effect the distribution of the land and decide whether it wished to work the land collectively or in individual parcels. The opposition, obsessed by undigested collectivist theories, wanted the land placed in the hands of the small minority of unionized land workers because the peasants, they said, were reactionary and could not be trusted. Once again the existence of fullest freedom of speech, the fact that the press was truly in the hands of popular forces, the fact that the Communists could explain freely to the masses, in short, that democracy existed in Spain, permitted the issue to be decided directly by the people. They endorsed the government program and averted a disastrous disaffection among the peasants.

For if the peasants had not thrown their heart into the struggle, the People's Army would have been minus 70 percent of its manpower! How obvious it is that the peasants had to be "trusted" and that only by allowing them to decide the problem of the land in an absolutely democratic way were they won to the cause which has been temporarily defeated. The lesson for us is that a democratic

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method, far from impairing war efficiency, contributed strength toward and drew reserves into the armed struggle; reserves whose very existence could not be conceived under an M-Day regime.

A less "decisive" internal political question in war-torn Spain was that of education. Here we get a ray of light on our subject from an unexpected angle. The post of minister of education was given to the Communist Jesus Hernandez, by way of procuring Communist representation in a government dominated by Republicans and Socialists without sacrificing a more important post. But by his feeling for democracy, Hernandez converted education into one of the great war forces behind the government. Thousands of enthusiastic boys and girls, some as young as fourteen years of age, penetrated the rural darknesses with the light of literacy. "Cultural militias" did the same in front line trenches of active war sectors. The peasant, in uniform and out, who owed literacy to the republic, was no less grateful for that gift than for the land. The latter made his own little world more secure, while the ability to read and write tore down the fences of superstition and ignorance and opened new horizons to him. No words of mine can reproduce the emotion of the postcards each newly literate soldier wrote the minister of education to record his happiness and gratitude and sense of having a share in the bright new world of Spanish democracy.

But where did the government *find* all the young teachers? The unions provided them; the teachers' union in particular cooperated in this task. In this case and in scores of others, the government's policy of fostering the trade unions and increasing their *participation* in war and politics (membership doubled and tripled in this warm atmosphere of confidence and responsibility) made the trade unions a powerful auxiliary of the government at every turn. Late in the war the trade unions even came to be represented in the government. (What then becomes of the justification for the French paralyzing and regimentation of the trade unions, already being copied by Roosevelt and the Department of Justice and the Defense Council?) Once again we must draw the moral. Faith in democracy and belief in it spelled bigger and more active trade unions, wider distribution of the benefits of education; this policy in turn strengthened the fighting forces by improving morale and by providing larger numbers of men capable of becoming officers.

Unfortunately, on the truly decisive question of purging loyalist ranks of all anti-democratic forces, of all traitors, the People's Front government, despite the warnings of the Communists, failed to do a thorough job. The result is too well known. I have heard from Negrin's own lips the admission that he had underestimated the spread of treason; and from the published memoirs of the traitor Casado one gets a full view of the swarms of Franco agents and Anglo-French agents who crawled out of the loyalist woodwork in the last days of Madrid. Why was there any difference of opinion about the question of purging these gentlemen? Ah, it was our old friend "efficiency" again. One premier after another clung to the old line army officers who gave the republic nominal allegiance, because these and other untrustworthy state servants, hated by the loyal rank and file who *knew* them, were presumed to add to the technical efficiency of the war machine. In France, of course, this tendency went much further, with pro-fascists and actual traitors in control not only of the army, but of the government. A further half-step will bring the thoughtful face to face with the American parallel: an army officered by anti-popular and anti-labor military aristocrats; a general staff which breeds men like the violently anti-Semitic, blatantly pro-fascist Brig. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley (who is still drawing his retirement pay). Time has shown (for American guidance) that the policy of tolerating the enemies of the people in key posts of the army and political machinery is fatal.

Thus in every example the Spanish experience demonstrates that the way of democracy is the way of the greatest war effort and best war results. It shows, too, that a policy of persecuting the Communists—the policy followed with such disastrous results in France and now beginning to be imitated by the Roosevelt administration—is always a shrewd and conscious attack upon democracy; for what the Red-baiters are in reality attacking is not one party but the fundamental unity of the people. On the question of unity one's attitude toward Red-baiting becomes a touchstone. For the Communists make democracy the test of method. Where democracy prevails they spare no sacrifice, they urge labor to set no limits upon efforts for defense. But this is not an arbitrary principle invented by the Communists; it is not to be rejected without impairing real national defense. The truth is that a nation's power to meet the demands of modern war depends above all upon its people being united into one body capable of drawing unlimited reserves of strength and fervor (as in China) to meet every added trial. No such unity can be obtained unless the nation's policies of war and peace correspond to the interests of the masses of the working people, not to those of the owning class. The whole character of the Spanish struggle was determined by the fact that in Spain the people were in control and were fighting a genuine war of self-defense. In France, on the other hand, the two hundred wealthy families controlled the government and the war was waged solely in their interests. Everything else followed from this fundamental distinction.

A people's government, seeking no predatory gain, will do everything in its power to maintain peace. But if war is forced on it, as was the case in Spain, such a government will wage war by no other *method* than that of constantly widening democracy. It is only when a war is fought exclusively in the interest of an oppressive minority that a government must fall back upon a dictatorship in order to drive an unwilling people to battle for an unpopular cause. Like the Spanish people, the Americans can deal with any enemy from without and any enemy from within provided only they be given the democratic power to do so. Give them jobs and homes and health facilities and educational opportunities for their children; then they will have something of their own to defend. Give them democratic rights, including fullest civil liberties, fullest organizational opportunities, real control of the government, and they will evolve a national defense that will rest on far sounder bases than the wild appropriations and aggressive foreign policies adopted by FDR to please America's sixty families.

MARION GREENSPAN.

From the Horse's Mouth

The French Communists have been accused by tory and "democratic" soreheads the world over of responsibility for France's downfall. In particular it has been alleged that they wrecked, sabotaged, or simply refused to support defense measures prior to the war. Here is an answer from the horse's mouth. On page 54 of Winston Churchill's book, *Step by Step*, we find that Mr. Churchill said (Oct. 16, 1936) about France's Communists:

THEY not only vote all the credits for defense; they urge that even more intense efforts should be made. They do nothing to hamper the preparations of the French Army, and would tomorrow support and smooth out its mobilization in the face of a Nazi menace. Communist conscripts present themselves with the utmost punctuality at the depots, and in many cases prove model soldiers. Communist agitators use their influence against serious interruption in the production of munitions of all kinds in the factories. I am not at the moment commenting on these facts. I am merely stating them.

The Cost of Death

"IT IS estimated," says a recent release from Farm Research (Washington, D. C.), "that in the last World War the cost of killing a man in battle amounted to the staggering sum of $15,000." Farm Research points out that less than ½ of 1 percent of the families in this country receive incomes of $15,000; and that this cost of killing one man in battle is enough to convert three farm tenant families to full owner status, or to wipe out the mortgage debt of five farms.

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Strictly Personal by RUTH McKENNEY

In Memoriam: Sacco and Vanzetti

THIS is a piece written to the memory of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who were murdered Aug. 23, 1927, thirteen years ago this week.

This is not a prose poem, however, celebrating the dead in stately language; or an epitaph in measured sentences and mournful sweep of words. We can leave that sort of high-toned tear-jerking to the literary set, the Max Lerners, and the Archibald MacLeishes, and the Freda Kirchweys, the Bruce Blivens, and Malcolm Cowleys.

This piece won't even rehearse the fascinating legal details of the famous "miscarriage of justice." Mr. Wendell Willkie, the ex-president of Commonwealth & Southern, has a *New Republic* corner on slapping the wrist of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and administering the lifted-eyebrow treatment to the late Justice Thayer and his buddies, Governor Fuller and Dr. Lowell. We can safely skip the literary and legal aspects of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. They rest safely in the bosoms of the gentry.

Instead, I think we may well mark the thirteenth anniversary of the death of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti by stating in plain, simple language the exact circumstances of their arrest, trial, conviction, sentencing, and execution. For I am troubled by the fear that on this Aug. 23, 1940, Messrs. Lerner and Willkie and their friends on the *New Republic* and the New York *Times* may overlook some of the less literary and legal details of the death of a shoemaker and a fishpeddler.

Let us speak with perfect plainness and sobriety. Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were murdered in cold blood and with malice aforethought by the capitalist class of the United States. Their arrest, conviction, and execution was no dreadful exception to the rule. They were only two out of hundreds who were tortured to death, by design, not accident—and they died, just as Wesley Everett and Salsedo and all the others died, because they fought against the first imperialist world war and all its deadly by-products, including the draft, the virtual dictatorship over labor, the falling wages.

Go back a moment in history. It is 1919. Woodrow Wilson's war is over. It was never really a popular war—the people didn't spring to arms to make the world safe for Mr. Wilson's democracy. They were dragged to arms by the conscription bill.

The Armistice is signed, and now the American people begin to stir. Strikes break out in steel, in the packing houses, all over America's industrial valleys. The workers are ready to kick back at the war profiteers. The bankers tremble in their furlined boots. They try a few threats. They trot out Samuel Gompers again, but he seems to be losing his charm. Nothing works. And then they hit on the Red scare, on alien-baiting.

A few union leaders warn the people: Benjamin Franklin was right. Divided we fall. Let the Red scare work, fall for the "dirty foreigner" gag, and we're lost. But the newspapers beat the drums. Mr. Gompers cooperates. Attorney General Palmer trots out his legal vigilantes. Suddenly, overnight, a manufactured hysteria blazes through the land. The workers hesitate, bewildered. Midnight raids, mysterious documents, dangerous aliens held without bail—the headlines raise the blood pressure.

And on May 5, 1920, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti are arrested and charged with a crime it is obvious they did not commit.

A year later, May 31, 1921, they are brought to trial. While they sat in jail, beginning the long wait for their doom, the American workers had been thrown back. Betrayed by their leaders, divided and split by the alien-baiting, the Red scare, they were left helpless before the big guns of Wall Street.

The trial of the shoemaker and the fishpeddler lasted many weeks; the verdict was certain from the first day. In the summer of 1921 Sacco and Vanzetti settled down to live under the shadow of the death house. As the years passed, it became clear that the labor movement could not gain strength fast enough to fight for Sacco and Vanzetti. Vanzetti understood this tragedy; so did Sacco. But while they despaired for themselves, they did not despair for the working class.

The middle class intellectuals who rallied around the defense committee in the last days of the struggle never quite understood the Sacco-Vanzetti case. They wrote Vanzetti to have hope. He answered their letters calmly; he would have hope. But only the strength of the working class could save him; and that strength had been dissipated in the terrible days of the Palmer Raids. It would come again, he said, if not in time to save the shoemaker and the fishpeddler, then the next year, or the year after that. But it would come again.

And so, on the hot summer night of Aug. 23, 1927, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti went bravely to their deaths, the belated victims of that other war.

Think again of the how and why of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. See it plain in your mind's eye. And then ask yourself, where have I heard this before, where have I read it, seen it, felt it? You know the answer. The government will drag the aliens off to the fingerprinting mill next week. The Senate debates conscription as you read this. The headlines blare the old familiar story: spies, fifth columnists. Then remember why they tried it the last time: to kill the working class movement, to divide it, destroy it, to make the world safe for war and profits.

Dear friends, let us celebrate this thirteenth anniversary of the death of Sacco and Vanzetti by resolving that these dead did not die in vain. We don't need to put poems at the graves of our greatly remembered ones; we don't even need the assurance of Wendell Willkie to know they were victims, not criminals. There is only one way to mark August 23. And that is by organizing to defeat the draft, organizing to defeat the war drive, organizing to defeat the rising tide of hysteria, organizing for working class unity.

For Sacco and Vanzetti are not just two dead men. They are the Haymarket martyrs; they are the women and children who died in the Ludlow massacre; yes, and they are the sailors from Kronstadt who died to make Russia free. They are Thaelmann and the young German boys who suffered under Hitler's torture; they are Ben Leider who went to Spain and was the first American to fall in that great battle for human liberty; they are the French Communists who died fighting fascism on two fronts, at home and in the front lines.

Sacco and Vanzetti are not just two dead men. They live today. They are Earl Browder, and Oscar Wheeler, and William Weiner, and Ben Gold. They are the people of brave heart everywhere who fight for peace and liberty, who fight for a new and better world. Sacco and Vanzetti said so, themselves. They wrote:

> Friends and Comrades: now that the tragedy of this trial is at an end, be all as of one heart. Only two of us will die. Our ideal, you our comrades, will live by millions; we have won but not vanquished. Just treasure our suffering, our sorrow, our mistakes, our defeats, our passion, for future battles and for the great emancipation.
>
> Be all as of one heart in this blackest hour of our tragedy. And have heart.
>
> Salute for us all the friends and comrades of the earth.
>
> We embrace you all, and bid you all our extreme good-bye with our hearts filled with love and affection. Now and ever, long life to you all, long life to Liberty. Yours in life and death. . . .

And they are indeed ours, in life as well as in death. Salud, Sacco! Salud, Vanzetti! We have heart.

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Light on the Labor Party

D. N. Pritt, noted British lawyer and member of Parliament, estimates the tendencies in the Labor Party. The struggle between the Right and the Left.

London, England.

IT IS not easy at this time (the close of July) to estimate the present or to predict the future position of the Labor Party in Britain. Before the outbreak of war last September the position was fairly easy to understand. The cleavage between left and right in the Labor Party was clearly marked, but not past healing. The left commanded probably over half the rank and file of the political movement. But the central authority embodied in the National Executive Committee, and above all in its officers, was strongly right-wing. This was partly due to the fact that the majority of the National Executive Committee was elected by the trade unions—mostly well to the right—and partly to the conservative tendency inevitably displayed by people in established positions or comfortable jobs. There was no particular reason then to expect any major "split" or collapse, though there were signs of deepening cleavage. In any dispute clever management from the center made the right wing reasonably sure of victory. This management involved a subtle, effective control over the officials of local parties, combined with the considerable element of loyalty in the rank and file which always led a section of them to support the "machine" even when they disagreed with it. As a result, the left wing grew more discontented; it also grew stronger numerically.

SINCE THE WAR

The war, and above all its sudden sharpening in May 1940, created a new situation. The fundamental difference between the Labor Party's "reformist" and the definitely socialist elements has come to the front—sharper, deeper, more clearly visible. The "machine's" unconditional, even "jingo" support of the war; the surrender of trade union conditions, customs, and practices; the adoption of the government point of view on almost all political issues; and the foolish and indiscriminate bellows of rage against the USSR over the Finnish issue: these things drove many more of the rank and file over to the left. At the same time, practical considerations—such as the difficulty of finding money to run the local parties and the drafting or migration to other districts of many active party workers—greatly weakened those parties as effective political instruments. This had the double effect of increasing the power of discontented left wing elements and depriving the central authority of much of the "discipline" by which it was accustomed to crush all opposition to its point of view.

The situation was illustrated by the fact, true all through the war period and particularly at the time of this writing, that the Labor Party held very few meetings and could get but small attendance at those which it did hold. Left wing meetings, however, were always supported by crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Indeed, the most remarkable and encouraging feature of present-day political life in Britain is the rapidly increasing political consciousness. Scarcely more than 10 percent of the working class took any appreciable interest in politics before the war; today at least 50 percent are keenly interested, bent on information, and—thank goodness—highly skeptical.

Thus, even before the war burst into tragic activity in May 1940, the Labor Party was not in a happy state. Its "bosses" must have looked with some anxiety to the annual party conference in Whitsun week, in spite of their great skill and experience in the "management" of conferences and the advantages that were to be found once again in the strong trade-union representation. The "bosses" and the right wing generally were saved all trouble, however, by the new atmosphere of momentary panic generated by the sudden development of the blitzkrieg. Before the conference could even meet, the leaders of the party, who had always declared that they could not enter the government without a previous mandate from the party conference, had been taken into the government side by side with Chamberlain and Halifax. Delegates to the conference were stampeded into ratifying this and everything else the "bosses" wanted. Leon Blum was specially imported to speak; he was enthusiastically cheered by three-quarters of the delegates, savagely booed by the remainder.

With subsequent developments, and with time for everyone to think over the situation (particularly the events in France), the cleavage between reformists and socialists, right and left, is now deeper. This is true of both the old moderate and right elements, and above all, of the "new entrants" into politics. The machine still has a good deal of power, which is for the present manifested mainly in expulsions of individuals and organizations. But its power and prestige are waning.

On such points as demanding the removal of Chamberlain, Halifax, and the other "men of Munich"—a demand urgently pressed by a large majority of the general non-political masses and an overwhelming percentage of the Labor Party rank and file—the "machine" is immobilized by the fact that its leaders have voluntarily entered a government containing these Munich men. The rank and file look elsewhere for leadership in a demand which they will not relax. In the same way, the ever growing—and ever more articulate—clamor for friendship with the USSR finds the Labor Party leadership hopelessly compromised by its previous expressions of hostility. The developing movement for a real government of the people is likewise opposed by the Labor leaders because they have joined a government which, by its history, affiliations, and allegiances, can only be a government of imperialism and finance capital.

So much for the present. The future is even more uncertain. It seems pretty clear that the whole tendency of the mass of Labor people will be more and more to the left, that the policies in which they are, and will be, interested are policies that the present leadership either will not or cannot accept. What then will happen? The left tendencies and policies must grow, must find a leadership.

POSSIBILITIES

There seem to me to be three possibilities. The first is that the leadership will grow up out of the mass movement, the leaders being found mainly among the industrial workers, who become more politically conscious and vigorous every day. The second is that the prejudices against the Communist Party—prejudices so astutely built up over long years by both the right wing press and the Labor Party—will break down, and the party will enlarge greatly and provide leadership from the group of extremely able men that head it. The third possibility—which seems remote at the moment, but may soon look more likely—is that the leadership of the Labor Party, shorn of those elements which have compromised themselves too deeply, will swing around, "climb on the bandwagon," and, like many another leader in political history, follow their followers along the new road.

Time alone will show what will become of the Labor Party in its present form. There seems no doubt, however, that the general tendency in Labor and Socialist circles is a vigorous swing to the left. That tendency cannot much longer be thwarted by the old leadership.

D. N. PRITT.

No Surprise to Us

"MR. HOPKINS [the secretary of commerce] has provided such generous cooperation for the big business leaders who have been working in the new national defense regime that some of them seem to be a bit bewildered. As one has privately said: 'Since I came into the government, I feel like the fellow who jumped out of a twenty-story window. When passing the ninth floor on the way down, he was asked by a voice from a window how he was getting along. His reply was: Doing all right so far.'"—*Paul Mallon's syndicated column from Washington.*

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Hollywood Blitzsmear

Samuel Ornitz tells how Buron Fitts, candidate for reelection as district attorney, tries the Hitler miracle of the biggest lie against his pro-labor, anti-war political opponents.

Hollywood.

SATURDAY. We knew a frameup was in the process of making. The day before, the Los Angeles Gestapo had snatched a CIO waterfront worker, Brittain Webster. They told his wife he was wanted for murder. Then Brittain disappeared. His frantic wife and four CIO lawyers combed the county's lockups but Brittain Webster was incommunicado in some secret jail. In keeping with Gestapo practice, young Webster was not brought before a court and charged; but that's something required only by the Constitution of the United States.

Sunday. The Los Angeles Gestapo played hide and seek with a habeas corpus writ. It outwitted due process of law by shifting Brittain from jail to jail.

Monday. Hollywood woke up to learn in 96-point headlines that we had killed a man—a brutal waterfront murder—and that Brittain Webster was to be arraigned that morning. Apparently young Webster's frameup was to be obscured in the goofer dust of glamor headlines. Anyway, Hollywood once helped kill a goon called Riley by hitting him over the head with sundry ambulances we sent to Spain, medical aid to China, an Anti-Nazi League, and a peace crusade. Also the crime was miraculously retroactive. The victim died in 1935, and we killed him in 1936 and incessantly thereafter.

The nature of the miracle can be understood in the desperate need to reelect the strikebreaker district attorney Buron Fitts. He is in such a bad way on the eve of the election that the Hearst and Chandler press decided only a Hitler Miracle could reelect their man—the miracle of the biggest lie. This meant that they would have to plagiarize Martin Dies. They did. Dies flew into town in a fury and threatened to sue for copyright violation. Fitts intimated that he had had the nod from the White House. That's what Melvyn Douglas said when he started to Red-bait Hollywood: the President's orders. In any event, strikebreaker, warmonger Fitts got hold of three professionals who perform for Dies; they swung high on the perjury trapeze in the Grand Jury room. Lovely characters, these unholy three—a sneak thief, a pervert, and a catch-as-catch-can nymphomaniac.

But what has all this to do with Brittain Webster? Of course, nothing. What had Brittain Webster to do with a waterfront death resulting from a brawl five years ago? Of course, nothing. That killing was thoroughly investigated at the time—and thoroughly exploited by the labor-baiters. Stool-pigeons were all over the place then. They didn't even mention Webster.

You see, Buron Fitts is the candidate of the wide-open shop and the wide-open town elements. In other words, he is the red light district and Chamber of Commerce candidate. It is a natural alliance of interests. They have the same moral principles—they who live off girls and they who want to live off working men and women the longest hours for the least pay. Both are cannibals *per se*. Both need the same kind of "law enforcement" officer.

Take one item in Fitts' record: *Since April 1937 he has made 1,509 felony charges against labor unionists.* Of course, they were phonies and frameups, and Fitts couldn't make the felony charges stick. The 1,509 felonies wound up as thirty-four piddling misdemeanors. Notwithstanding, the district attorney's service to the Chamber of Commerce was tremendous.

Wednesday. Many in Hollywood were named in the Fittskrieg, but only three were *called* before the Grand Jury. All the others were used to glamor up the headlines. Lionel Stander had to *force* himself on the Grand Jury. Three of us were officially subpoenaed and interrogated: Herbert Biberman, my wife, and myself. The jurors made it very plain by their questions in what sense and degree we were "criminals." The kind of "criminals" Hitler hunts.

What is the background for this thing? Needless to say, we three had been actively campaigning against strikebreaker, warpeddler, vice-protector Buron Fitts. Moreover, we three were on the job of bringing the middle class and labor together on the proposition that they had a common stake in keeping our country out of this war—a mutual stake of security, prosperity, and democracy—a stake that was indivisible, exactly like the loyalty to our country. And we were succeeding too well. My wife organized middle class women to work for peace and labor. Herbert and I took part in a forum that drew seven hundred to one thousand people, right through the heat of the summer. Our class for speakers was sending thirty speakers far and wide in the community, and was responsible for launching the "worst" type of peace forum—by youth and for youth—called "Youth Speaks." Also we had helped to organize the American Peace Crusade — eight thousand members overnight—made up of small groups in precincts in every assembly district—where civic and labor problems are discussed as well as peace. No wonder the Chamber of Commerce and the vice syndicate ordered them to get us by hook or crook, involve Hollywood notables if need be in a murder charge by the wildest implication, frame a young worker on a murder charge, smash the peace movement. No one knows better than the Chamber of Commerce that they need conscription and then war to break the trade union movement.

That's what all the shooting was and is for.

SAMUEL ORNITZ.

The Epicurean

There is no death if I do not see it;
Lord keep the dying from my sight.
No funeral grieves if I do not hear it.
Shut the mourners' windows tight.
If the dead man's children hunger, hide them
Lest their pallid cheeks annoy.
Tender to cries and questions, let us
Be cautious for our nervous joy.

The Skeptics

Like invalids who make the rounds of doctors,
Trusting and distrusting each,
We've made the ideological rounds
Doubting the sage we asked to teach;
But hearing him out lest we be surprised
One day by his fact or faith come true
That quick we may slip among the marchers
Hurrah, and say "even then I knew."

Independent Thinker

I'm nobody's creature, saying "yes,"
Lose nobody's love by saying "no."
I look right and left, to see both sides,
And softly between I go.
I tell those who strike lights and seek to give signs
In the dark of today's confusions
That reason's immortal only because
It sternly shuns conclusions.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

At Bargain Rates

WHAT price social democracy? Gault MacGowan's cable of August 3 to the New York *Sun* reports: "Though Lord Beaverbrook is an imperialist and a tory," he has "growing popularity with the Socialist members of the War Cabinet" because "he, like them, rose from the ranks and is thoroughly democratic. Also the Socialists especially like the way he takes off his coat and gets a job done. . . . One Socialist Cabinet minister, Arthur Greenwood, has become his close friend. Prime Minister Churchill always was." Old "Beaver," as his intimates call him, is quite an influential publisher, you know; he is better known as "the Hearst of England." Social democracy's price, like a tag in Macy's window, is plain for all to see.

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Words by NAB, Music by D. of J.

ASCAP's organized song writers face a musical war in the air. The big radio chains gang up on composers. Thurman Arnold hums a tune.

I ONCE wrote a song. It was about an old balloon man, and the idea appealed to a young tunemaker who composed some music for my words. Then a Broadway producer decided that our little number was stageable, and lo—soon the royalties began to roll in. The sheet music sales, however, amounted to nothing. Therefore ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, paid me nothing and gave me no rating as a lyricist.

The song, words and music, was composed in four evenings, after a full day's work. My income from it totaled some $3,100. Not bad, you say. But that was in the good old days when the world was not yet full of corners around which prosperity was starving to death, when the radio was still a pretty tinny affair and the talkies had not yet learned how to lisp.

Songwriting was my idea of heaven in those days. Now socialism has it beat a thousand ways, which gives you an idea of the direction in which I have progressed in fourteen sultry summers. The crisis knocked me clean into the middle of the future, whereas the professional songwriters are still stuck in the mud of today. I saw a picture of Jack Yellen the other day; he still composes in an old undershirt and a pair of drawers. In 1926 Larry Hart wrote "My Heart Stood Still" (750,000 copies) while riding with a girl in the Bois de Bologne. Howard Dietz used to compose lyrics for an entire musical show after a full day's work at MGM. Now he's married to one of the snooty Guinness stout ladies and is busy whooping it up for the deah old City's war for shareholders. Worrisome George Gershwin is dead, but music, popular music, is still being pounded out with one finger by Irving Berlin. Lew Brown is fat and fiftyish, Buddy de Sylva and he are now rival producers—and Lew looks back with disdain on the Melody Club and that quaint old ditty of his, "He looks like Bull Montana but he might be Barbara LaMarr."

THE CRASH

The songwriting business passed through a terrific crisis in common with a lot of other things about ten years ago. Not only did the Crash knock it galleywest and cause one after another of its leading lights to lose their financial luster down on the Street, but technological improvement hit it hard. The radio had been creeping up on the songwriter for some time. In the old days, Harry Von Tilzer, Charles K. Harris, Wolfie Gilbert, and many another hardworking tune fabricator could earn a small fortune each year with a million-copy hit. Ballads like "My Little Dream Girl," "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," or "Let the Rest of the World Go By" were sung for years—and sold for years. Radio speeded up the use of the raw material of music, killed the market.

The movies—now tunies—did the rest. If a team of tunesmiths, such as Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, could nab a Hollywood contract, they were all set, to use the parlance of Tin Pan Alley. Other songwriters, unless they could qualify as composers of a musical comedy score, were out, watching the chords roll by. Now, if you will pause for a moment for ideological identification, you will note the fine hand of monopoly stabbing the songwriting game in the back. Corporate control of radio and films was shutting out the hardworking jingler. The radio was actually getting its music by piracy. Hollywood was paying, but paying only the select few. The life of a song became as jumpily brief as the nerves of radio listeners. Sales of sheet music fell from "M-O-T-H-E-R" (1,800,000 in 1915) to "Play, Fiddle, Play" (400,000 in 1932)—both were the top hits of their time. Panic seized the majority of melodymakers.

Into this situation stepped ASCAP. Back in 1915, Victor Herbert, best beloved of American melodists of his day, helped found ASCAP—because, he said, Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" but died without the fare to get there. On its face, ASCAP looks like a company union. Actually, it is somewhat in the nature of a guild, for its inclusion of publishers is not exactly collaboration. Many songwriters have published their own music; many others, like Irving Berlin, act as a clearing house for tune and word ideas. Carrie Jacobs Bond, Irving Caesar, W. C. Handy, Ager, Yeller & Bernstein are among the many songwriting publishers, who resemble, so to speak, actor-managers. Film companies have entered this field, buying up established publishing houses but in the main cooperating with and maintaining the standards of ASCAP. Because their interests are identical, composers and publishers get along very well indeed.

The chief enemy has been radio. From radio has developed wired music, record reproducers, and other devices which quickly use up popular tunes. Radio, with its constant plugging, has developed the star orchestra as well as the swing variation and thus has served to toss the composer into the background. ASCAP has therefore sought to protect the royalties of its members, among whom are all of the well known songwriters of today, as well as the heirs and assignees of the songwriters of yesterday. It bases this protection on the federal copyright law, which guarantees royalties to authors and composers. This was ASCAP's original policy, and this is still its policy.

Today monopoly-controlled radio, with great corporations paying for advertising time on the air, has declared war on the composers. Piracy, first practiced on a wide scale by the airmasters, has extended to dance halls, roadhouses, and other places of entertainment, which also assert their right to use copyrighted music without payment of royalties. Some of these smaller fry employ the apparently logical argument that payment of royalties to unknown or obscure copyright holders is an impossible task. But ASCAP replies that it holds all copyrights, has cleared all titles, has fixed all royalty rates, and therefore is in a position to collect all fees and to distribute them in accordance with contract and statute. As for the radio chains, they have no excuse for not paying a proper fee. They know ASCAP's address.

A LONG WAR

This war against ASCAP has been a long one. In state after state, legislation attacking ASCAP as a price-fixing combination has been introduced, with the backing of the radio chains and movie theater owners, who use canned music free and freely. In Kansas, Montana, North Dakota, and Washington, state laws ban ASCAP collections. Music listeners in those states cannot hear performances of their favorite tunes, despite the fact that in 1917 Justice Holmes sustained ASCAP's rights in a decision based upon a suit brought in New York by Victor Herbert against Shanley's cabaret to collect royalties on "Sweethearts." Four years ago, however, the National Association of Broadcasters, a combination dominated by CBS, NBC, and MBS, set forth on a deliberate campaign to harass ASCAP with litigation.

In defense, ASCAP notes that music, radio's chief raw material, costs the radio systems little. Music occupies 52½ percent of all time on the air. The composers receive just 3.4 percent of total radio expenditures as a return. George Washington Hill's American Tobacco Co. "Hit Parade," with its jabberwacky theme, costs that gentleman's associates and shareholders $15,500 for time and talent each week. Music, without which there can be no program, receives just $218.50 of this amount. Each of the one hundred stations carrying the tobacco program receives $43.70 weekly from CBS as its fee; each station pays ASCAP $2.19 weekly for a license which gives it unlimited rights to all ASCAP music for that week. It is estimated that the cost of music per performance on the radio averages 6 cents, an absurdly small sum considering the high average standards of pay for all other services of the air.

The National Association of Broadcasters' declaration of war four years ago has re-

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sulted in a flood of hostile propaganda to discredit ASCAP. The Pennsylvania Broadcasting Co. has sought dissolution of ASCAP in a federal court. In the same court, a government suit against ASCAP, under the Sherman anti-trust act, has lingered for several years. In one of those neat tricks sometimes played by the big boys, Andrew W. Bennett, government agent of the Department of Justice, resigned his post as federal attorney in the anti-trust suit and accepted a job at a nice retainer with NAB. When Congress failed to respond quickly enough to pleas for anti-ASCAP laws, state legislatures were made the focus of lobbying drives.

A year ago ASCAP's contract came up for renewal. NAB said no. Demands were made for a reduction in fees. When ASCAP stood its ground, NAB moved to another stage of its campaign by threatening to organize its own music supply company. Pending this organization, the broadcasters signed a one year pact. Then they formed Broadcast Music, Inc., a radio-controlled corporation with most of the stock subscribed by the chains.

Last month NAB met in convention in San Francisco. ASCAP representatives were not allowed to present their views from the floor. The chains told all and sundry that they would use their own music, develop their own composers, and freeze ASCAP out into the cold, by barring all ASCAP tunes from the air, come what may, at the zero hour of midnight, Dec. 31, 1940. The broadcasters' association announced that it had its own rates for fees and licenses through BMI and would pay only such composers as would meet their terms. They will certainly not meet the higher ASCAP standard. Such is the situation today, with ASCAP striving to maintain its position by enlisting the cooperation of singers and bands. Bing Crosby has already stated he will not sing if ASCAP tunes are barred. Others are joining the authors and composers in their defense against radio aggression. As for the public—well, no one has mentioned the public yet in this controversy.

To Thurman Arnold, who is assistant attorney general in charge of anti-trust law violations, songwriters are just like any other workers. If they organize to protect their rights, they are forming a trust "in restraint of trade." At least, that is the interpretation which must be placed upon the singular questionnaire which Mr. Arnold's DJ boys have sent to members of ASCAP. Mr. Arnold wants to know if ASCAP has in any way prevented them from exploiting to the fullest extent the product of their labor. He has also addressed a questionnaire to ASCAP's enemies among broadcasters, movie theater operators, and the aspiring, company-fed musicmakers of BMI, who work on the radio monopoly's payroll: has ASCAP prevented them from doing business? At the NAB convention, Sidney Kaye, general counsel for the radio chains, advised members how to reply to this question: "Yes." That's the answer the broadcasters want. It's also the answer Mr. Arnold wants. For he is acting in the music field as he has acted in the fur, electrical, building trades, maritime, and other organizations. Arnold's action probably means that if the NAB campaign fails, the Department of Justice will step in to do monopoly's dirty work.

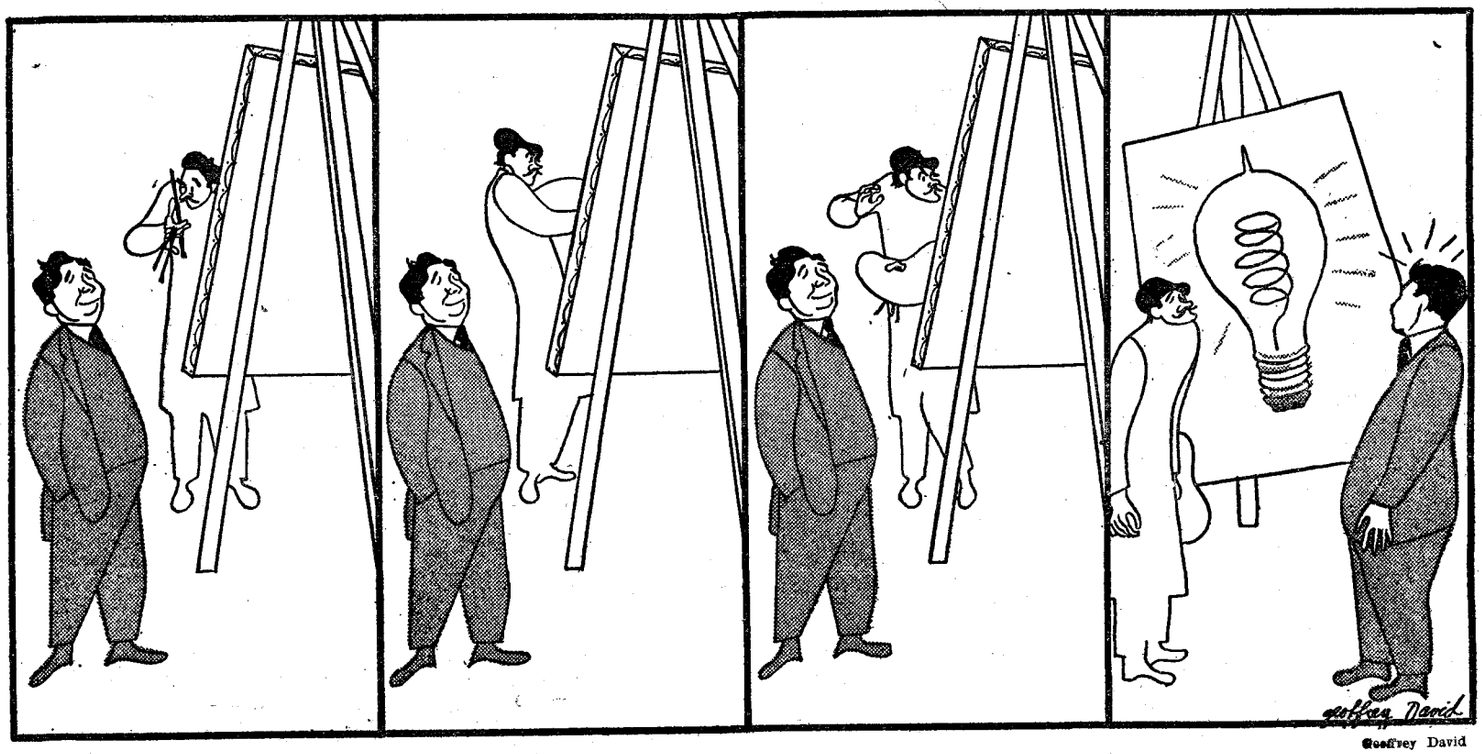
I can't conclude this report of the musical war of the air without recalling an article in a Sunday section of the New York *Times* some five years ago. It described a great new studio apartment house, with soundproof rooms for composers. The building was owned and operated by the composers' society. The article went on to describe how songs were written and published, with standards agreed upon by a committee of songwriters, who also happened to be publishers. Royalties, said the writer of this article, were enormous, for it was an established principle that the worker is worthy of his hire and must be paid according to his ability. No mention was made of lawsuits, advertising agencies, monopoly radio control, tune stealing, tobacco auctioneers, chiseling, bickerings over rates. The real judge of a tune's excellence was the public. A composer was free to write what the public wanted and was willing to pay for. It all seemed too good to be true.

The date line on that story was Moscow, USSR.

RALPH WARNER.

Isn't the War Wonderful?

"DESPITE war and worry, the blaze of diamonds goes on as usual. At the Fulton Cuttings' dance for their debutante daughter, Grace, at Wheatley Hills there was really no need for artificial lighting. The diamond pendant Mme. Aimee Lopez wore suspended on a diamond chain must have had a thousand watt of its own; her sister, Lady Plunkett, wore a diamond at the part of her dark hair. It was clamped there with gold prongs. . . . Perhaps the most spectacular diamond jewelry was worn by Mrs. John Fell. Her bracelet, a flexible shackle of square diamonds, suspended in invisible settings, looked as though a handful of loose gems had been tossed on her wrist."—*Dixie Tighe, in her society column in the New York "Post."*



Geoffrey David

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FDR's Trigger Man

AMBASSADOR BULLITT was not rash, the other day at Philadelphia, when he declared war on Germany: he spoke with full deliberation and was totally aware of the consequences. He spoke not as an individual, but with the connivance of the State Department, which released his speech to the press. He spoke with the full knowledge of the administration and the benedictions of his spiritual father, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Sen. D. Worth Clark of Idaho was right to the hilt when he said: "The address by Mr. Bullitt, coming from a man in his position at this time, is very little short of treason." More than that: the guilt for this "short of treason" act must be shared by the Chief Executive of this land and his administration, which is utilizing every device, secret or open, to plunge our country into the war. For Mr. Bullitt's speech must be understood in light of the Niagara of protests inundating Washington in opposition to the Burke-Wadsworth bill. It must be understood, too, in light of the President's hesitancy in explicitly stating his own position, since this is election year and the squire of Hyde Park has the ambitions of Caesar. So Mr. Bullitt talked for the President.

Saltykov-Schedrin, the famous Russian satirist of the nineteenth century, somewhere tells the story of the liberal turned reactionary who proved his conversion to a skeptical czar by shooting down an erstwhile colleague of his who hadn't deserted. Mr. Bullitt reminds us of that fable. He ranted against democracy and civil rights: he libeled the intelligence of people living in a democracy. This shameless demagogue whose hands are filthy with the treachery of Munich dared blame the French people for capitulation to Hitler. This great hero of the World War, who held down a "coffee-cooling job" in 1917-18, as Sen. Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri said, called for immediate participation in Europe's conflict. He called for conscription of America's youth. This bosom friend of Marshal Petain, the French fascist, dared assault the Communists who were the only opponents to the monstrous appeasement at Munich. This is FDR's man Friday—the great "liberal" Bullitt who turned Paris over to Hitler and acted as police supervisor against all who wished to defend Paris—as Alsop and Kintner revealed in the New York *Times* this week.

Americans may well heed the query of the senator who wanted to know what commitments Bullitt made to the French government, commitments that Bullitt now fears may come to light in the near future.

The long and short of the whole matter is this. The administration is determined to get us into war despite majority will to the contrary. Therefore it is using every device to override the will of that majority. As one of the senators declared in debate, Bullitt, "in not thinly veiled language," called for a "dictatorship in this country." But Bullitt is riding for a hard fall. Foreign affairs are not so "complicated" that the American people cannot tell a mountebank when they see one. The old saying that the last refuge of a scoundrel is "patriotism" was never more apt than it is today. Mr. Bullitt certainly proved that at Philadelphia. Get from behind that Liberty Bell, Ambassador, we know you.

Whirling Dervish Willkie

OUT of the wonderland of American politics came the acceptance speech of Wendell L. Willkie, that Democratic-Republican, liberal-conservative, poorman-financier, and darling of the debutantes and their daddies. For the new and shiny presidential candidate, who hails both from Indiana's little Elwood and New York's Fifth Avenue, literally smashed all records for self-contradiction in one oration. Much of his verbiage was devoted to an exposition of his personal liberalism; yet he spoke for a national policy of conscription and war, with its consequent destruction of all liberal gains. His strophes were colored with support for New Deal reforms, yet he whacked with a machete against similar reforms of France's Popular Front government, which he blamed erroneously for the downfall of France.

Manfully Mr. Willkie speaks for government regulation of monopolies, but his chief supporters are the tycoons of finance for whom he also seeks a relaxation of "punitive taxes." He would continue regulation of Wall Street's security and banking deals, yet he has bitterly fought the Securities and Exchange Commission. To the farmer, he hints of palliatives, but he can no more end the chronic farm crisis than stop a hurricane by decree. He gracefully spins around to federally financed rural electrification, although for many years as a utilities magnate he has savagely fought TVA and federally financed rural electrification. And he is loudly for collective bargaining and wages and hours legislation, although among his backers are the most ruthless anti-labor employers.

In foreign affairs, Willkie is equally light-footed in his dervish dance. He attacked Mr. Roosevelt's "useless and dangerous" assaults upon foreign powers—then said he was in agreement with the President's foreign policy. He sees eye to eye with Roosevelt on the draft. He is for all aid to Britain short of war; and although he admonishes Roosevelt for "useless and dangerous" attacks on foreign powers, he himself promises to "outdistance Hitler" and to "beat him in any contest he chooses, in 1940 or after," which is just about as soon as he can take office, if elected. He would end, he says, the "Roosevelt philosophy of distributed scarcity" and make America strong by more and more production (where have we heard that before?) but to the eleven million unemployed who might well become the great army of consumers he has no single word other than the hope of federal or state relief.

Willkie fears most the blaze of limelight upon his past connections and his present friends. Wall Street supports him enthusiastically, the great monopolists are his political chums. Ernest T. Weir is his financial secretary. And he is Father Coughlin's candidate, while Klan and Bund distribute his red, white, and blue buttons to their storm troopers. His liberal words are therefore intended to conceal truths, and he knows he is safe in voicing approval of New Deal reforms, for Roosevelt is already sabotaging them. With copious phrases, he therefore bravely calls attention to his revolutionary ancestry, his love of democracy, his eagerness to defend civil liberties. But Willkie's strong America is really an America on the path to military dictatorship, as a means of developing aggressive American imperialism. His credo of "toil and sweat," borrowed from Churchill, obviously also includes Churchill's "blood and tears" of conscription and finally of war.

Willkie's strong America in which "every man will have to work a little harder . . . and every man and woman will feel the burden of taxes . . ." implies no strengthening of American democracy. He says he sympathizes with refugees in general—would he offer a haven in America to the thousands of imprisoned anti-fascists of Europe? He is another great defender of civil liberties—does he intend to defend the Communist Party's right to a place on the November ballot? How deep is Willkie's new liberalism? Words are cheap. His acceptance speech frankly follows the now familiar line of moving cautiously but steadily toward American fascism in a cloud of words—among which are "liberty," "democracy," and "peace." He and Mr. Roosevelt are two sides of a coin minted by Wall Street—a bad penny for the American people.

Bombs over Britain

THE bombardment of Britain reached its long expected crescendo last week. For four full days and more, thousands of German airplanes swept across the Channel pummeling the southeastern British shores, pounding the docks and warehouses and arsenals along the Thames, shattering the suburbs of London itself. Balloon barriers have kept many bombers high; both anti-aircraft guns and interceptor planes have certainly challenged the German assault; yet many attacking planes broke through to the Midlands even as far as Wales. The capital of the empire, the foundation of world imperialism, huddles under the hail of heavy explosive. The irony of this

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spectacle cries aloud—we have said it many times and this week it must be said again—that the British people were robbed of their best anti-aircraft defenses, in the long past of the past decade. That ruling class which ratified the Japanese devastation of Chungking, which conspired in the strafing of Valencia and Madrid, has now brought this same terror to its own people. British planes have often been used against the natives of northwest India—today, so far from fighting on other people's soil, the full brutality of war is being visited on the Britons themselves.

The Nazis know they cannot conquer from the air alone. Evidently they plan an increasing paralysis of England's southeastern shores that would allow soldiers to cross the Dover straits—a difficult but not impossible feat. British sea power remains dominant but, in this situation, of no great avail. For even light destroyers, of which England has been losing about two a month, could not risk so vulnerable a defense in so narrow a passage as the straits. Therefore, if the German armada retains its force—and has not been too excessively bled by British counter-bombardment—the very next days or weeks may see an effort at decision on land.

Taking the Lion's Share

WHILE German *Stukas* hammered at London, a less dramatic but perhaps even more effective assault on the British empire came from another quarter. The announcement that the United States intends to acquire British possessions from Newfoundland to British Guiana, taken together with the conclusion of a "defensive agreement" with Canada, expresses a single process: namely, that in the accelerated disintegration of the British empire, the American capitalist class wishes to take as much of the lion's share of the world as it can. American imperialism is in effect dividing the empire with Germany. Just as Churchill's last minute proposal for the absorption of France disclosed the annexationist plans of British imperialism, as R. Palme Dutt pointed out in his recent NEW MASSES articles, so American imperialism, in a moment of Britain's dire extremity, reveals its own annexationist ambitions. In truth, despite the high moral pretensions of the press and pulpit, in the academic halls and the legislative chambers, there has been nothing magnanimous or noble about American policy toward the Allies. We were, for example, originally going to give the British some fifty destroyers; then they were going to be sold; and now the Yankees have struck a shrewder bargain. The destroyers have become only incidental to a much larger deal for strategic territorial acquisitions. In essence the American capitalists are saying to their British brethren: "If you can dispose of an enemy whom we fear, we shall gladly assist you at 10 percent profit, and perhaps join the battle royal when both you and Germany have weakened each other; if you cannot dispose of the enemy we fear, we must prepare to challenge that enemy by grabbing everything that belongs to you within our reach."

New Stage in Policy

APPARENTLY a small matter—of taking over some few square miles of British soil—nevertheless marks a new stage in the relations between the United States and Canada, and the rest of the hemisphere. The details of the agreement with Canada are secret; President Roosevelt discussed them with the Canadian prime minister *in camera;* but it is no secret that American capital has made a sensational penetration of basic Canadian industries in the last generation. Simultaneously, the native Canadian capitalist class has made great strides toward economic independence from England. Canada now becomes more openly a dominion of American big business while at the same time her native bourgeoisie probably hopes to share the more aggressive hemisphere policy on which American imperialism has itself embarked. Joint occupations of British territory by American and Canadian troops would not be surprising. Second, in the proposed acquisition of British Guiana, most Latin Americans will notice a very subtle form of aggression. By a transfer of sovereignty, American troops will be quartered for the first time on the mainland of South America. Finally, it is clear that Washington is not giving odds on Britain's chances against Germany. It may be only a coincidence that such drastic preparations for any eventuality come at this time; on the other hand, it may be a definite admission of the untenability of England's position.

Vultures of Vichy

ALL reports from France indicate that none of the problems of the June upheaval are being settled. Food supplies are so low that an American Red Cross official predicts a situation worse than that of Belgium in 1919; communications are at a standstill, especially since the Germans have requisitioned fuel and transport vehicles; unemployment is universal. Two million soldiers are still in captivity, forbidden to cross from the occupied areas into southern France; millions of people are still uprooted, unable to reach their homes. Meanwhile at Vichy, the Petain crowd continues to issue its decrees, and last week took time off to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary—a holiday unnoticed in the France that used to be. The most disgusting development is the way many Socialists have accommodated themselves to the regime. Some, like Leon Jouhaux, secretary of the once mighty Confederation of French Labor, who only a year ago directed his most vigorous effort against the Communists, are now conveniently overcome with weariness, too weary to oppose the fascization of France. Some Socialists like Adrien Marquet and Rene Belin are doing yeomen's work in Petain's Cabinet. One newspaper has appeared under the editorship of Leon Spinasse, a member of the first Blum government and former editor of *Le Populaire.* Within the Vichy Cabinet, a struggle between Pierre Laval and the Croix de Feu man, Ybarnegaray, has evidently developed, while predictions are rife that Jacques Doriot, the renegade Communist and Gestapo agent, waits his moment to bid for power. Yes, the vultures hover over the prostrate people of France—but for how long?

Greece and Somaliland

ALTHOUGH Mussolini seems to have met with real obstacles in his pressure upon Greece, he does score an important victory in Britain's surrender of the east African Somali country. Britain's guarantee to Greece probably had less to do with frightening the Italians than the obvious opposition from Turkey. For if Italian soldiers come through Albania, and across the northern stretch of Greek soil to the strategic town of Saloniki, that would unquestionably threaten the Dardanelles and the overland route to the Near East. Turkey has never been reconciled to the Italian occupation of the Dodecanese Islands in the eastern Mediterranean and is traditionally opposed to further Italian encroachments in this area. By way of compensation, the fascist progress in east Africa is of real importance. Italy can now consolidate along the Gulf of Aden coastline and continue pressure further south on British Kenya. Somaliland has no great riches for exploitation but its surrender certainly undermines both British prestige and the Red Sea route to India. The Italians can be expected to bring pressure upon the province of Aden and thereby encircle Egypt from the south. How Egypt will view these developments is still unclear; British naval vessels last week shelled the Italian port of Tobruk in Libya, basing themselves on their good positions at Alexandria. Undoubtedly, the Italians have the initiative in the Mediterranean. The more they get at the expense of Britain, however, inevitably brings them up against the problem of Turkey.

Roundup

CONGRESS: Heat from the AFL rank and file has melted William Green's support of the infamous Smith amendments to the Wagner act. Mr. Green, who was chiefly responsible for getting the amendments through the House, now says he wants the Senate to kill them—most of them, that is, except his precious craft-union amendment, designed to split organized labor wide open. . . . Construction of "defense housing" (barracks) by the US Housing Authority is opposed by certain congressional leaders, who are all for the barracks but against the USHA—which might still be used for slum clearance if enough voters insist. "Leave it to private business," is the anti-housing boys' motto; but, of course, the RFC can supply the funds. . . . The Neely bill, to compel the use of safety devices in mines, is still stymied in the House Mines and Mining Committee. The bill passed the Senate on January 10. Mine magnates are held responsible for obstructing the measure, which would prevent accidents that take over a thousand miners' lives each year. . . . Jesse Thornton, twenty-seven-year-old Negro of Luverne, Ala., forgot to say "Mr." to a white police officer. Six days later, the vulture-picked body

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of Jesse Thornton was fished out of the Pataylagga River, where lynchers had thrown it. The case of Jesse Thornton is the answer given by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to Senator Barkley, Senate administration leader, who told the NAACP that the Anti-Lynching Bill (aimed at human vultures) had little chance of passing at this session of Congress. "Defense" legislation has to come first, according to the Kentucky senator. . . . The Allen "bill of attainder" to deport Harry Bridges passed the House, but senators have been discovering how many American citizens don't like Congress to violate the Constitution. So a Senate subcommittee has evolved another bill, directing the attorney general to "investigate" Bridges and deport him on the basis of findings. It's called a "substitute" bill—substituting a legal appearance for obvious illegality. Now citizens are reminding the subcommittee that Bridges was investigated by Dean Landis of Harvard and exonerated of charges of "Communist membership."

PERSECUTION BULLETIN: The fingerprinting fever spreads. In New York City Police Commissioner Valentine has ordered the fingerprinting of cabaret and nightclub employees. Ostensible reason: to trap violators of the law. The employees, through their trade unions, are fighting the edict as a potential (and potent) weapon to fire and blacklist union members. . . . In West Virginia, home of Oscar Wheeler, Judge Bouchelle of Charleston denied a motion to dismiss an application for a preliminary injunction throwing CP candidates off the ballot; the application was made by an American Legionnaire. The State Ballot Commission of Massachusetts, after casting *all* minority parties off the ballot, refused to let CP representatives present evidence upholding ballot rights.

ACROSS THE BORDER: Mexican peasants, trade unionists, and federal forces mobilized to preserve peace on August 15 when the results of the July election—an overwhelming victory for the people's candidates—were announced. Almazanists got away with very little violence. But an Almazan revolt against the election is still expected. The Communist Party, in a manifesto, calls for mass mobilization to last until December 1, on which date Almazan has promised his followers he will seize power.

MISCELLANY: Poor people, particularly Negroes, were the victims of hurricanes and floods in the South. More than forty were killed, over a thousand made homeless. . . . August 26 marks the twentieth anniversary of the day that nationwide women's suffrage—effected through the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution—was formally proclaimed in force by the US secretary of state. . . . Hopes that army recruiting would "solve" the unemployment problem are being chilled by reports that undernourishment has made untold numbers of the jobless physically ineligible for service. Colonel Ford, chief recruiting officer of the St. Louis area, states that he must reject 90 percent of the Negro, 75 percent of the white applicants, because of defects resulting from substandard diets and starvation.

The People Mobilize—for Peace

WHAT the jingoes cannot accomplish by argument they hope to achieve by deception. It is no easy matter—in fact, well nigh impossible—for Messrs. Roosevelt, Willkie, Bullitt, and yes, Hillman, to convince the American people that conscription is good for the soul of America. The unionists, church people, women's organizations, and youth—in fact all who can read the Bill of Rights—know better. They just don't want the draft. Therefore, our obliging Mr. Bullitt, who felt that Marshal Petain was "doing a good job," said the other day in Philadelphia that Americans cannot be trusted to do their own thinking. "Problems of world affairs have become so complex," he said, "that the average citizen has the greatest difficulty in understanding what is best for his country before it is too late." On another front, Mr. Willkie returned to his charming boyhood haunts to tell the American people that he sees eye to eye with FDR on the draft. Meanwhile the American redcoats who want the draft and who work for King George thundered and volleyed in the press and over the radio in an effort to tie our destinies to the Imperial Kingdom. The handful at the top clarified their interventionist position; and the millions at the bottom were saying their say which was diametrically opposed to the jingoes' dream of universal peacetime conscription.

Election year is obviously a bad time to slip over the draft, and the men who play politics with human lives know it. They therefore engaged in a bit of duplicity which endangers our democracy and the lives of millions of men. The week's most nauseating spectacle was the picture of Sen. Edward R. Burke, co-sponsor of the Burke-Wadsworth bill, saying that the Maloney amendments were "acceptable" to him. If ever there was a treacherous deal this was it. As millions of Americans know, the Maloney amendments shunt the specific actions of the draft bill to Jan. 1, 1941, thus skirting election time. The amendments actually initiate nationwide registration immediately but provide for automatic passage of the draft provisions if voluntary enlistments to the army are considered "insufficient" after three months.

This Maloney trick is obvious to any clear-thinking American. It will scarcely fool the millions of our country who feel that the draft bill is a step toward the smashing of democratic institutions. They will agree with Joseph Curran, president of the CIO Council of Greater New York—400,000 strong—that the Maloney amendment is a "snare and a delusion." Mr. Curran put his finger on the treacherous amendment, calling it a "stop-gap of insidious nature, calculated to carry the conscription issue past the November national elections." The seaman's leader said further, "It is obvious that opposition to conscription has become so evident and so strong that neither of the two major political parties wants to risk retaliation for any definitive conscription action now."

Mr. Curran's statements correspond with the trenchant comments of John L. Lewis in his letter to all members of Congress, August 14. The CIO head traced the origin of the draft measure to a group of prominent New York corporation lawyers and other rich men. "Neither these individuals nor the congressional sponsors of the bill," he wrote, "have been notable in their support of legislation for the welfare of the common people of this country." Mr. Lewis posed some questions that are agitating nine-tenths of the country. In the second point of his five-point statement he declared: "Military conscription now would establish the principle in this nation that lives of our young men are less privileged than the profit rights of dollars."

These labor spokesmen of the people register the will of America. And a vast section of it is planning to do something about the business. This week we learn that there is scarcely a labor or progressive body in America which isn't discussing the peace mobilization in Chicago, August 31 to September 2. For example, Joseph Curran announced that "box car" delegations of more than six hundred National Maritime Union members are going to the conference. They will represent deepwater ships, Atlantic and Gulf ports, Great Lakes and inland river craft. This is typical of the nationwide response. Lewis Merrill, general president of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, which will hold its Third Constitutional Convention in Chicago the week of Labor Day, places the union (45,000 members) on record as opposing the draft bill. The single rally of sixteen thousand at the Velodrome in Coney Island last week was but one instance of the counter-action to the President and to the would-be President.

The two candidates of big business in America—Messrs. Roosevelt and Willkie—see eye to eye on the draft. And the rest of America happens to differ with them. It is the fight of the century—for a victory over conscription is also a defeat for those who would see us in the war to secure King George's throne. A victory over conscription is a victory for American democracy—whose preservation and extension are themselves the surest defense of the American people.

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Guide to the Crisis

Earl Browder's new book brilliantly appraises the shifting forces in the American scene. The continuity of the Communist position. A review by Bruce Minton.

THE SECOND IMPERIALIST WAR, *by Earl Browder. International Publishers. $2.*

MARXISM, the science of guiding society in flux, seeks to release the forces of growth, to control and direct them for the benefit of the majority, for the liberation of the working class. In his latest book, *The Second Imperialist War,* Earl Browder applies this science specifically to the United States, bringing profound understanding to the solution of tasks arising out of material conditions. As Browder interprets and explains, Marxism is revealed as a weapon with which men are enabled to mold the world they live in to their own best advantage. Earl Browder, like Stalin and Dimitrov, Thorez and Palme Dutt, writes always in the light of the experiences of the party he leads, as spokesman of a movement much larger than any one man. And in the Foreword to the latest compilation of his speeches, articles, and reports, the general secretary of the American Communist Party stresses that the collection "is the product of closest collaboration among the whole leadership of the Communist Party of the United States, as well as among the brother parties of the Communist International."

The Second Imperialist War covers the period from March 1939 to May 1940. The few critics in the non-Marxist press who have discussed the book have expressed loud disdain for its approach and contents. Yet it is eminently safe to predict that this collection provides an analysis which future historians will be able to read without doubling up in derisive laughter—a quality lacking among so many contemporary commentators and so-called historians who proudly flaunt their ignorance and repudiation of Marxism.

"INCONSISTENT?"

The future will judge Browder's interpretation for itself. Right now the fashionable and safe approach to *The Second Imperialist War* is to declare it "inconsistent," full of the shifts which, critics assert with bland insouciance, invalidate the Communist position. The charge is worth considering. What is "inconsistency"? Are American Communists without direction, devoid of stability?

Browder's book can be briefly summarized as follows: His speeches from March to August 1939 urge a Peace Front to resist fascist aggression and to prevent the horror of war from involving the whole world. At the same time, he condemns the betrayals of the people everywhere resulting from the Chamberlain policy of appeasement. The Roosevelt administration reinforced appeasement by refusing to support democracy in Spain, by embargoing the loyalist government, and by subsequent recognition of the Franco fascist regime; by continuing aid to Japanese aggression against the Chinese people; and by sabotaging the building of an anti-fascist, anti-appeasement front of collective defense against war. From September 1939, when as a result of such policies war broke out in Europe, to May 1940, Mr. Browder no longer advocates collective security, but instead concentrates his attention on exposing the frantic attempts of the American ruling class to involve the United States in the war on the side of the Allies. He lays bare the imperialist character of the conflict, the fact that the struggle has as its purpose the redivision of the world. Though the people of America express a fixed determination not to be dragged into war, it is necessary to know the enemy. Mr. Browder explains—the patient explanation of the Communist—so that people shall understand. And until now, America has remained formally out of the war; the Communists, with Browder at their head, can claim proud credit for their contribution to the strong resistance by the people.

Wherein are the "inconsistencies" of which the critics complain? Before the imperialist war engulfed Europe, Communists fought to prevent it. Once war came, Communists perforce acknowledged the changed situation. With the outbreak of war, existing differences among ruling class groups became of secondary importance; the capitalists restored unity among themselves for the purpose of obtaining their main objective—to drag America into new imperialist adventures. And with war a terrible reality, the fight for collective security against war lacked content. To justify a corrupt war, which the imperialists were determined should be transformed into a united attack against the Soviet Union, would be to repudiate every end for which Communists have always struggled. The existence of war was itself evidence that the relationship of forces was no longer the same as it had been during the uneasy peace that antedated September 1939.

EARL BROWDER, *Communist candidate for the presidency, discusses the critical issues facing the country in his new book, "The Second Imperialist War."*

SHIFTING FORCES

As Browder explains, Marxists must appraise the shifting forces, and adapt themselves to meet new situations. Each step that Communists take in their constant effort to meet the problems of an ever changing world "contradicts" the preceding position. "Far from wishing to hide these 'contradictions,' we would push them forward . . . as the highest lesson we have to teach—the cause of change, its technique, its timing. . . ." wrote Browder in the Foreword to *The People's Front.* In *The Second Imperialist War,* he again applies the dialectical method to the kaleidoscopic events of the past two years and thereby reveals "class relationships in all their nakedness—class struggle cutting through all the pretenses and sophistries of the bourgeoisie, the relations emerging, the real struggles developing, which will determine the fate of our country and of the world."

To be victorious, it is obvious that the strength of the foe must be considered. The initial strategy remains the same—to overcome opposition and so assure victory. But to achieve this, the approach must vary according to the moves of the adversary. The main strategy of the Communist Party is unaltered throughout these troubled times: to defend the gains already made under capitalism by the working class and its allies among farmers and the middle classes; to strive for peace, security, and a higher standard of living; to guide the advance toward socialism, no matter how confused this advance might still be in the minds of workers. But tactics shift, reflecting the movement of class forces. Rather than being guilty of the type of inconsistency which the critics are so anxious to magnify, *The Second Imperialist War* emphasizes the continuity of the Communist position, a continuity that can only be preserved by changing tactics. The change of tactics, made necessary by changing events, forwards the drive toward the fixed end. If this is inconsistent,

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then a "consistent" party, having once decided its tactic, would continue to prosecute it no matter what new developments occurred in the nation and in the world, no matter if by such "consistency" the working class movement was betrayed, the struggle for liberation and socialism lost, and the end sacrificed for which the struggle had been waged in the first place.

Mr. Browder's brilliant analysis is tribute to the ability of the Communist Party to adjust its policies and actions to new conditions without losing sight of the goal. The critics see the parts, the Communists see the whole. The contents of *The Second Imperialist War,* all of which represent immediate response to events as they occurred—without benefit of hindsight—illustrate the capacity to meet and solve problems demanding prompt and lucid understanding; the direction that Communists must pursue is never obscured, never for a moment in doubt.

Marxism is the scientific instrument by which to win the future. Mr. Browder applies this science with profound skill. The party for which he speaks is not large. But it has direction and purpose. *The Second Imperialist War* adds to the growing, ever changing, ever *consistent* interpretation that serves as a guide for action. Mr. Browder clarifies the problems of a momentous epoch; he also prepares us for tomorrow. To fail to master this contribution by a great leader is to retard the struggle against war and hunger and fascist terror. Earl Browder has added to our knowledge and to our ability to go forward to a better world. BRUCE MINTON.

American Negroes

THE NEGRO IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, *by Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. 15 cents.*

WITH the publication of *The Negro in the American Revolution,* Herbert Aptheker gives us the third in his series of pamphlets on the Negro in American history. Like his two previous works, *The Negro in the Civil War* and *Negro Slave Revolts in the United States,* the new pamphlet is scholarly, well documented, the result of painstaking research. It is also very well written.

The theory of man's legal and political equality, the philosophical basis of the American as well as other bourgeois and bourgeois-democratic revolutions, had its impact also upon the Negroes in the Thirteen Colonies. Because they desired America's freedom and their own, the slaves and free Negroes rushed into every branch of the service. Crispus Attucks, Negro dockhand, a member of the Sons of Liberty, was the revolution's earliest martyr, the first to die in the Boston massacre. Negroes were seamen and pilots in the infant navy. They were at Lexington and Concord when the colonists fired the shot heard round the world. They froze at Valley Forge. They fought in great numbers at Bunker Hill. They helped Ethan Allen capture Fort Ticonderoga. They served at Saratoga and

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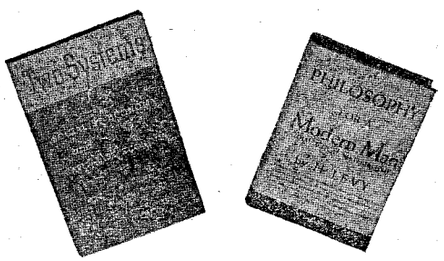

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or get a car, load it with friends and take the Saw Mill River Parkway to Hawthorne Circle—then Route 404 to Harmon.

Stony Point and Monmouth and Trenton and in almost every battle of the Revolutionary War. They crossed the Delaware with Washington, one of them in the commander's own boat, although you would not guess it from Emmanuel Leutze's famous painting of that event. They acted as spies, and in this capacity made possible Anthony Wayne's capture of Stony Point. About seven hundred Haitian Negroes joined the French in Savannah, then carried the fight for freedom back to their homeland. Henri Christophe was one of that number.

Yet this was only a bourgeois revolution. It had its contradictions and its inconsistencies. South Carolina offered a prime slave as bounty for revolutionary volunteers! In many colonies Negroes were not accepted for service. Thousands of Negroes fled, or took part in slave insurrections, or joined the army of the British, who (in many cases falsely) promised them freedom. The Negroes were consistent in their desire for liberty; the revolution inconsistent in applying its declaration of principles. If a revolution desires allies among an oppressed people, it must fight for their freedom also. That is one of the lessons which *The Negro in the American Revolution* brings home to us.

We await Herbert Aptheker's next work with eagerness. JENNY CASTNER.

Llano Epitaph

CAN WE COOPERATE? *by Bob Brown. Roving Eye Press (Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, N. Y.). $1.75.*

IN DECEMBER 1939 the Llano Cooperative Colony at Leesville, La., succumbed quietly to the claims of its creditors after a haphazard existence of a quarter-century. In its ultimate failure to redeem the high hopes of its founders, it repeated the harsh experiences of similar colonies since the days of Robert Owen's Indiana venture. A handful of indomitable pioneers set out to blast a new way to cooperative living through the jungle of capitalist competition. They attract followers motivated by economic despair or by a craving for adventure; many of them are fainthearted or uncompromisingly selfish at bottom. There are a few relatively hopeful years of living off the fat of the initial grubstakes. Follows a period in which a trickle of finances from well-wishers on the outside continues to bolster up a shrivelling morale. Then the inevitable crisis, as the younger folk drift away, leaving the oldsters to carry on without the physical or commercial capacities required to make good. Finally —curtains.

Can We Cooperate? is Bob Brown's account of his sojourn at Llano a few years before its demise. He witnessed many things that gave him hope for the future, amid the ruck of dissent and "brushgang" whispering that was slowly eating away the heart of the enterprise. His pages bring to life such memorable pioneers as Ed Merrill, editor of one of the first vest-pocket publications of personal intransigence to issue from the South; Ralph Field, who subsequently fought with the loyalist battalions in Spain; and Dad Thomas, a trusty pinch-hitter in the periodic crises that descended upon the colony.

The Llano experiment, Brown concludes, demonstrates the futility of trying to graft a healthy tissue of cooperative living upon a dying social order.

From Llano the author went to the USSR, where he found the kind of cooperative living that can answer the aspirations of social vision and the need for a practical approach to social problems. Given a proper environment, Mr. Brown says, the average human being is cooperative; those who would establish the cooperative way of living should work for a fundamental change in our social structure in its entirety rather than blow their energies up the flue of escapist endeavor.

The author has a sprightly style which makes this latest book of his exceptionally good reading. ED FALKOWSKI.

Sights & Sounds

"The Great McGinty"

Preston Sturges' movie story of a reformed ward-heeler.

THE GREAT MCGINTY (Brian Donlevy) got his start in life on a breadline. There he was picked up by local ward-heelers of Boss Akim Tamiroff, who told him he'd get two dollars for voting for their mayor's reelection. McGinty, an enterprising gent, collected $74 for repeating—which intrigued the Boss, who made him a collector for his protection racket. From that time on McGinty's rise was dialectically predictable. In relatively short order he became an alderman and ward-heeler himself. When the forces for reform in the city administration got too hot for Boss Tamiroff, the Boss ran McGinty on the reform ticket for mayor. He was elected.

First, of course, it was necessary for him to be a family man. So a marriage of convenience was arranged with his pretty secretary, Muriel Angelus, who had a ready-made family of two. McGinty lived on the fat of the taxpayers' pocketbooks, awarding contracts and franchises with a judicious eye to the main chance. And in time he became governor of the state. But by this time his wife-by-convenience had won his love, and had tried, being a decent girl herself, to make an honest man of him. McGinty was infected by her decency, decided to buck the Boss himself, and build no dams, bridges, highways, or buildings that "the people" didn't need. "The People!" shouted the Boss. "Have you gone crazy?" McGinty had, for the moment. He was interested in slum clearance, the abolition of child labor, the elimination of graft. So the Boss broke him,

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and the two of these fine birds found their way both into and out of jail together.

For McGinty couldn't take it. He had only one life to live, he told Muriel on the telephone, and he didn't intend to live it in prison. He and Tamiroff took it on the lam, and ended up together in a banana "republic," abandoning Miss Angelus and the people to their fate.

This is a curiously cynical story that Preston Sturges has both written and directed, and the tale hangs upon the old adage which McGinty quotes: "You can't make a silk purse out of a pig's ear." The picture is rapidly paced, well performed, and ingeniously written. It pulls no punches in its exposition of how a local political machine is built and operated for the benefit of the grafters. But then it goes defeatist on us. At any rate, when you take a simple story of an individual's failure to stack up to the stature of a decent human being, set it in the expensive and impressive frame of a Hollywood production, you may be sure that the producers do not regard it in the nature of an objective slice of life, but as a preachment they would like to get across. In other words, they say, "Go fight City Hall—it can't be done." Well, they are wrong.

Donlevy will be heard from more often; he is an appealing male star. Tamiroff contributes one of his more effective, if somewhat stereotyped menaces, and Miss Angelus is more human than the average Hollywood doll. If you can overlook the punches that *The Great McGinty* pulls, you will find it an amusing picture.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

One hundred and forty-three years ago this month a twenty-two-year-old English girl, who was pretty bored living in a country parsonage, finished a novel called *Pride and Prejudice*. For a youngster, born and brought up the way Jane had been, she was extremely bitter and satirical, and she had a gift for the language as well. People are still reading her novel of late eighteenth century *mores,* and MGM has just transferred it to the screen.

Jane, who had no way of life aside from that of the middle class country set to serve as a model for her fiction, was an early rebel against romanticism. Her bitterness and satire were directed at the manners of her time and her class (pride of purse and class prejudice) and she told the story of the Bennett family's efforts to marry off its five daughters to gentlemen with handsome competences—an indoor (and outdoor) sport that still plays a large part in middle class activities today.

In the film the emphasis is almost entirely upon the problem of merchandising the Bennett girls. The bitterness and satire have been considerably diluted for middle class tastes (by none other than Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin), and the satire is conveyed by the director's insistence upon overacting. Mary Boland, who is the *materfamilias,* sighs and weeps and flutters and

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throws tantrums, flounces, mugs, and overpoints her lines until you could cheerfully wring her neck. Her five daughters, with the exception of the eldest, Greer Garson, do likewise. Miss Garson, who is no glamour girl, possesses genuine spirit and some histrionic talent, and she makes a creditable Lizzie.

Her running fight with the annoying Mr. Darcy (Laurence Olivier) carries the main stream of the film story. This Mr. Darcy has ten thousand pounds a year and is unmarried. He possesses an ineffable contempt for the lower classes. So Miss Elizabeth sets her late eighteenth century cap for him and gives him his come-uppance (quaint phrase). Why she wanted so stuffed a shirt to decorate her menage I could not understand. But whenever Mr. Olivier appeared on the scene with his dead and handsome pan (and his fine-figger-of-a-man physique), the girls, old and young, squirmed and sighed. And every time Miss Garson scored a point they shrieked with pretty delight.

Director Robert Z. Leonard has paced this story so slowly that you are prone to shriek, yourself. Nothing will do but you must sit in the theater until every one of Mrs. Bennett's girls has hooked a man, be he Mr. Darcy, his friend Mr. Bingley (a mere five thousand a year), Mr. Wickham (a bounder and an impecunious officer), another anonymous officer, and a funny looking flute-player (for the ugly-duckling dotter). But apparently many in the audience felt it was all pretty important. I didn't.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Chamberlain Crawl

Dance benefit for Wall and Downing Streets.

"HELLZAPOPPIN" at the Winter Garden cleared all decks for a dance benefit several nights ago. Anton Dolin, ballet maestro, lined up a long string of performers, and the joint efforts of Wall Street and Downing Street rallied some Park Avenue debs to clutter the lobby with British flags, collection cans, and all the paraphernalia of Allied War Relief.

Oh, the dancers were all right, all right—topnotchers most of them, and probably well meaning. But between the lines, there's a story. Anton Dolin, for instance, *ne* Patrick Kay, of Irish extraction, discovered early enough in life that to be a ballet dancer in the British Isles, you had to have a Russian handle. Dolin's *piece de resistance* was Ravel's "Bolero." Does that remind you of Spain? Maybe Paul Draper, chairman of TAC's first dance rally for Spain, forgot why the loyalists were defeated, as he tapped away for Chamberlain's apologists. Or Zorina, who not so long ago supported TAC's campaign for Spanish relief against Britain's non-intervention policy.

Did Tamara Geva's little semi-Chinese number remind anyone of the Burma road

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GOINGS ON

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, reviews THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every SUNDAY EVENING at Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12 Street. Admission 25c.

and who's trying to strangle China in her war for democracy? Maybe that's why the Anglophiles gave Nimura, the Japanese dancer, such a hand. And Ruth St. Denis and her Nautch dance. Does anyone, especially Miss St. Denis—so much in love with Hindu culture that she's devoting the rest of her life to it—recall what Britain does to 400,000,000 Indians?

And Kenneth Bostock, Alice Dudley—how did they feel dancing for the "ruling clawss"? Remember the team? They introduced the "Chamberlain Crawl" at TAC Cabaret.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Recordings

New low-price policy of Columbia Records. Review of two discs.

WITH Columbia Records' announcement of a low price policy, these next few weeks promise to be happy ones for disc collectors. I hope that other companies will likewise bring their prices down—thereby expanding the present record audience to include those who are kept away by the fancy tariffs.

The Mozart Symphony No. 38 (Columbia masterworks, M-410) is a mature product of the "late Mozart," written at the "advanced" age of twenty-eight. The subtitle, *Symphony without a Minuet,* indicates the serious character of the work, which is in contrast to the earlier more elegant Mozart. The style in the *Prague Symphony* is embroidered with tense modulations, cross accents, and chromatic harmonies. The whole tenor of the work points toward the coming Romantic school. The reason for this development in style lies deeper than the fact that Mozart "just matured." Mozart, for most of his life a victim of the patronage system, had at this time torn away from the despotic archbishop of Salzburg. Finally freed from the limitations of writing for a giddy court, and strongly influenced by the "equalitarian" ideas of Rousseau, he set out as an independent composer to create works attacking the nobility. This purpose was climaxed in his opera *The Marriage of Figaro,* a burning indictment of the aristocracy's degeneracy. It was his association with vitalizing influences that affected the form and style of his last period, including the *Prague Symphony.* The Chicago Orchestra led by Frederick Stock do a commendable reading.

The Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 4 in G-major (Columbia masterworks, M-411) was written at the peak of the composer's middle period. It is a powerful affirmation of the strength, vitality, and optimism so characteristic of the creative artists who sang of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Especially beautiful is the almost Chopinesque second movement, whose intense lyrical phrases are among the most moving in all music. The solo part is superbly played by Walter Gieseking. This is a "must" for every music lover.

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Net profit for the like 1939 quarter was $77,739, or 8 cents a share, while for the March quarter of 1940 the company reported consolidated net profit of $2,960,573, or 99 cents a common share.
For six months ended June 30, net profit, on the same basis as for the quarterly report, amounted to $8,899,433, or $3.61 a common share, after preferred dividend requirements. For the first half of 1939 net profit was $90,167, or 9 cents a preferred share. As of June 30, accumulations on the 5 per cent stock amounted to $12.50 a share.
Other reports follow
Low But Loss
Close
Net change

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For ten months NEW MASSES has absorbed such operating expenses and still tried to keep within its budget for the year—a budget which our readers helped us sustain by their splendid response to our annual financial campaign last winter and spring. But we cannot do so any longer without endangering the magazine. Hence the change, which we are sure you will understand.

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